PUBLIC OPINION AND THE PRESIDENT, By Harold J. Laski

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By Leonard Bacon

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By Henry C. Wolfe
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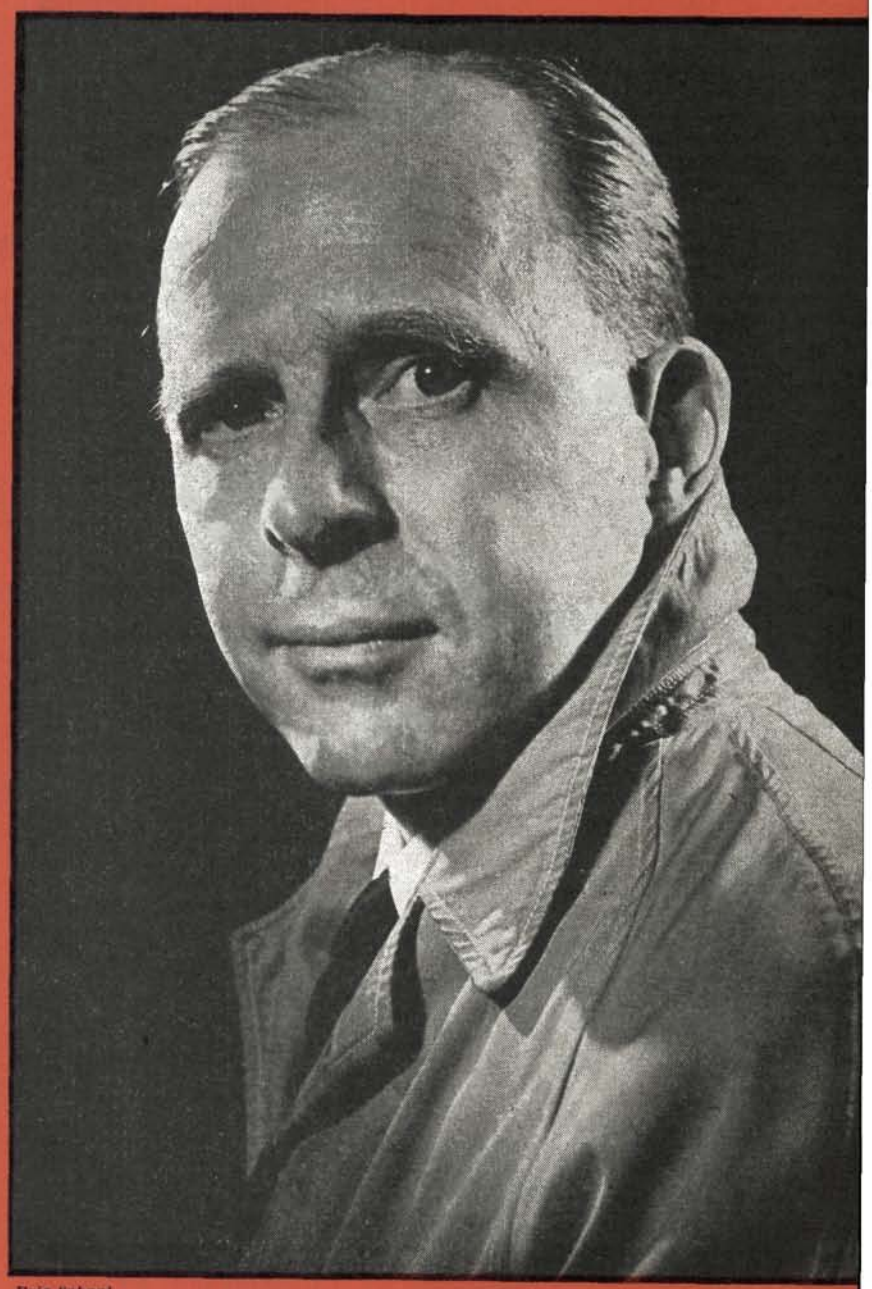

Eric Schaal

HENRY C. WOLFE's account of Russian-German relations reads like an Oppenheim thriller . . . *(See page 3)*

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PERSONALS

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(CLASSIFIED *continued on page* 22)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Public Opinion and the President

A PREVIEW OF "THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY"

HAROLD J. LASKI

The Saturday Review presents herewith a preview of one of the season's important books, "The American Presidency." It is to be published by Harper & Bros., early in August.

THE main problem for the president of the United States is his relation to that queer, shifting, labyrinthine amalgam we call public opinion. An average president is likely to be a man in early middle age; Theodore Roosevelt, who became president accidentally at forty-three, is the only man, so far, to have attained the office under the age of forty-five. He ought, therefore, to be at the height of his powers, old enough to have the maturity of experience, still young enough to bring energy to its interpretation. But, as he sets about his task, there are certain things he is constrained to remember. Most of the problems he will encounter are, in their ultimate foundations, shaped for him by the great, impersonal forces of past history; he will be able, proportionately, whatever his ability and energy and good will, to affect them in but a small way. He will be dealing with people who, on any showing, are mainly wrapped up in their private lives. They will find the bridge from their particular to his universal through the special interests of the environment in which those lives are enfolded.

He will be dealing, too, with a people which is still externally, rather than internally, conscious of its unity, which can still be made only through a gigantic effort to think upon a national plane. Perhaps only two peoples, the Greeks and the British, have been more politically minded than the American; yet, to most of them, the drama of politics is compelling in an interstitial, rather than in a wholesale, way. Indeed, it is almost true to say of them that they are interested rather because things go wrong than because things go right. The harvest is so abundant that prices fall; and the farmer looks suspiciously to know what the government proposes to do. The Stock Exchange is sluggish; and its votaries look around for presidential measures they may blame. The miners have gone on strike, and the winter coal supply is in danger; all eyes are turned on the White House to see how the president will tackle the threatened scarcity. The war clouds lower in Europe; what action will the president take to dispel them? Somehow, he has to transcend the hundred forces, the thousand voices, which compete to turn attention away from, or against, his central purposes. He has to seek the means of making men think his way, rather than another way. How far is it a possible task?

How far, moreover, is it a possible task in the light of certain facts that the observer is too prone to forget? He is president of the United States, but, in all probability, something like forty per cent of the voting electorate has thought he ought not to be president, is ready, therefore, even eager, to be convinced that the case against him has been decisively made. He is president of the United States; but a very considerable portion of those who voted for him feel that it is an essential part of his function not to compel them again to an interest in politics until the next time they have to vote. Thinking government always provokes a maximum resentment against itself, since the first thing upon which men economize is thought. He faces, too, on any showing, an opposition which will exhaust all the resources ingenuity can invent, and money can buy, to represent all he does, and most of the things he does not do, in the worst possible light. He is president of the United States; but more people know intimately the habits of their favorite movie star, or the record of the outstanding baseball player of the season, than know the content of his policies. He is dealing all the time with those forces of tradition it is so difficult to move and so troublesome indirectly to circumvent. He is asking all the time, also, for an attention that demands effort, and often action, from people whose instinct it is to remain spectators, even aloof spectators, of the drama in which he is principal actor. "I am not interested in politics": is there any phrase more common in the discussions of our time? He has to deal with indifferent people and angry people, with the ambitious and the disappointed, with the cynical and the corrupt, as well as with those who are genuinely affected with a disinterested zeal for the public good. Only too often, he finds himself the victim of events he cannot control; the purpose he meant to be central becomes peripheral; the side issue becomes the fundamental theme. If he is always in a position to influence events, he cannot but remember that he is never in a position to dominate them.

YET he starts with important advantages if he knows how to capitalize them. For five months before his election he has been the central figure in the public attention. He has the opportunity to create expectancies. He has the power to compel discussion. What he has to say, the very minutiae of his personality, will be the theme of talk in twenty million homes. Around him and his plans are a myriad hopes and fears. His problem is to maintain all he can of the tempo of those months. The answer to his problem lies in his having continuously something real to say, something positive and significant to do. The experience of the New Deal has

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shown, I think, decisively what an immense impact the personality of a president can make when he is able to arouse and retain the conviction that something of real importance is afoot. Whatever his effect upon Congress, a president who can get to the multitude will seize the attention of the multitude. His ideas, his policies, his purposes, will shape the mental climate as will those of no other man in America. He must, of course, be persistent in keeping them to the fore. He must see to it that they are not forgotten. He must persist; but he must never so persist that the public becomes fatigued with the debate in which he is engaged. He must convey the sense that the victory of his purposes is really of importance; and the best way to convey that sense is to fight battles in which both his supporters and his opponents alike feel that his victory really is important. That, it may be noted, has been the secret of much of the hold President Franklin Roosevelt has maintained over his electorate. He has gone for the big things; he has dramatized the issues upon which men know that their lives depend. He has communicated his own eagerness to those upon whose interest he has to rely. The enthusiasm of his supporters, the hate, even, of his opponents, have given a color to his term of office that has influenced millions to whom the spectacle is rarely of itself arresting. He has known how to prick men into thought, not least to prick the younger generation into thought. Because he has himself cared so much, he has made others care too.

That quality, it is important to note, has been characteristic of every significant president in the record. It is true of Jefferson, of Jackson, of Lincoln, of Theodore Roosevelt, of Woodrow Wilson. They were all positive presidents. They had a policy to recommend which seemed to their generation a challenge. Their supporters were, because of this, something more than the little regiment of professional politicians to whom the battle is significant of its spoils. They were, as in a war, an army of enthusiastic volunteers whose public interest in the outcome transcended their private inclination to aloofness. The leader's passion has communicated itself to his followers. He has aroused the dynamic of democracy, an energy, when it is aroused, more powerful and more pervasive than the dynamic of any other form of state.

This is, I think, the answer to the problem I have put. The president who can arouse this dynamic will make his policies a central thread in the life of the electorate. To do so, his effort must be a challenge. It must look forward and not backward. It must arouse a quality of interest that is essentially moral and positive in its nature. To end slavery, to curb the money-power, to build the "New Freedom," to establish, beyond peradventure, the foundations of the "New Deal"—these make their appeal to the impulse of the crusader in man. The president who can do this penetrates within and beyond the little private life of the individual and links him, through himself, to purposes felt as great. There is an exhilaration in the atmosphere, a sense of big things on foot, which lifts the individual out of himself. Anyone who compares the fierce tempo of American politics under Jackson with that of his successors up to Lincoln, or of the age of Coolidge and Harding with that of Franklin Roosevelt, will, I think, have some sense of what this dynamic of democracy can imply. With the wisdom or unwisdom of the objects to which it is devoted, I am not, of course, here concerned. What alone is important is to emphasize this reservoir of energy to which an appeal is possible, the certainty, when it is aroused, that it will give to the president an authority over public opinion sufficient to make his purposes compete successfully with all other elements in the national life.

THE challenge he makes must, of course, be one that is related to and expressive of vital human aspirations; without that relationship, it will rapidly run into the ground. Normally, it must be sufficiently within the framework of what the national tradition is seeking as to express purposes the common man is prepared to accept as a natural part of that tradition. A president so far ahead of his time as to voice aspirations the common man is not yet ready to understand is inevitably doomed to failure. The kind of challenge, this is to say, that he must make is one for which history has already prepared a wide and secure foundation. It must seem immediately and recognizably desirable to a wide area of interests. It must, preferably, evoke attack from those who are widely felt to have been responsible for the need to make the challenge. From this angle, it is easy to see the significance of President Franklin Roosevelt's attack on Wall Street. Therein was implied not only a definite program of reform, the necessary emphasis, that is, upon positive aims; there was also implied the punishment of the men who were largely deemed responsible for the necessity of those reforms. In the first days of the New Deal, Wall Street could only have answered the challenge of the president had it been able, by the classic mechanisms of the free market, to overcome the gravity of the crisis.

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Power Politics and the Soviet

THE IMPERIAL SOVIETS. By Henry C. Wolfe. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1940. 294 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by
JOHN W. WHEELER-BENNETT

IN 1938, Mr. Wolfe, in a prophetic book, "The German Octopus," sounded a warning (and supported it with copious evidence) that despite the clamorous insults of rival propaganda machines in Berlin and Moscow and the formidable façade of the Anti-Commintern Front, a pact between National Socialism and Bolshevism was, nevertheless, on the way. Today, in the present volume, "Imperial Soviets," confirmed in his original contention, Mr. Wolfe continues his admirable study of Russo-German relations, interpreting the factors which bring the two regimes together and the influences which tend to drive them apart.

Russo-German collaboration is no new invention of the Nazis. It has been virtually inherent in the foreign policies of both countries since both became great factors in modern European affairs. Bismarck and the Emperor William I, realized that only by capitalizing on the strong community of interests between the two countries could the ends of both best be served —hence the famous letter of the Iron Chancellor to Suvarov and the dying counsel of the aged monarch to his irresponsible grandson never to quarrel with Russia. William II forsook this advice to his own detriment and by the brutal Treaty of Brest-Litovsk endeavored to bring Russia as a vassal state within the German orbit. But the collapse of Imperial Germany at the close of 1918 created once more a basis for *rapprochement.*

The new basis was that of common outlawry. It is natural for pariahs to run together and when by the peace settlements of 1919 Germany and Russia forced themselves outside the pale of European comity it was not unnatural that they should draw toward one another. The contact was first made on military lines in 1920, when General von Seeckt in his endeavor to rebuild the defence machinery of the Reich, turned to the Red Army as a training ground for his young officers and as a potential ally if necessary. It was developed in the conclusion of the first German-Soviet economic agreement of 1921 and a year later the illicit relations were formally regularized in the political treaty of Rapallo which remained the official basis of German-Russian relations until the advent to power of Adolph Hitler in 1933.

Even then it is significant that though Hitler's regime was "sold," at home and abroad, as both the spearhead and the final bastion against communism, the Third Reich never saw fit to abrogate the Rapallo Treaty and the Military Agreement of 1922 nor the Non-Aggression pact of 1926. The latter was in fact formally renewed in 1934.

There followed a period of years (1933-38) during which hundreds in Germany were imprisoned and many executed on a charge of "communism," while in Russia an even greater number met their deaths on the accusation of "Fascist" sympathies. Yet throughout these same years there were elements in both the German and the Red General Staffs, and ever within the radical wing of the Nazi Party itself, which hankered after the good old days of German-Soviet liaison.

It was not until after the Czech crisis of September, 1938, however, that a material change occurred in German-Russian relations. Up to that time the guiding hand of Litvinov had directed Soviet influence in favor of collective security and united action. But after the rebuff of Munich, Stalin cast out the shibboleths of Geneva (and with them Litvinov) and withdrew to his tents confident that he would be wooed both by the Western democracies and by Germany.

There followed the diplomatic duel of Moscow during the summer of 1939 during which the Allies and the Reich manoeuvred for Stalin's favor and Stalin bargained shamelessly with both of them. France and Britain needed the Soviet Union to complement their "Peace Front"; Germany could not contemplate a war on two fronts and sought to prevent any drift

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Map by Emil Herlin from the book.
Russia Moves West

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Incomplete Haven

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON. By Robert Neumann. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1940. 350 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by V. F. CALVERTON

THIS is a strange book, laid in a strange, ancient setting, with strange characters, and an incredibly strange dénouement. Along a frontier outpost skirting the edge of Palestine, a bus suddenly emerges from the desert-horizon, "a great heavy six-wheeled bus, of dusty grey . . . driving like mad," and within a few seconds it is gone, vanished in the thickening dust of a mountain pass. No trace of bus or passengers can be found by the searching party that is sent out after them. The only information to be had is the list of passengers: all Jews who have come from almost every part of the world to escape persecution and find peace in their fatherland.

Such is the skeleton-structure of the story. If Mr. Neumann had made his individual characters as interesting as the structure of his fiction, he would have produced an important work. But it is with his characters or at least most of them, that he fails. The bulk of the book deals with these Jewish passengers to whose melodramatic disappearance we have already alluded. The names of the characters reveal a great deal of their personalities: Wasservogel, or, Life in the Spirit, Borsht, or, The Blood of the Fathers, Gluckstein, or Rebellion, Lewy, or, Ideology. In the case of each character, rich or poor, noble or plebeian, sage or simpleton, they are all at one in their desire to find in Palestine an escape from the rest of the world. In Wasservogel, Mr. Neumann has limned one of his best portraits.

It is impossible in this review to tell the stories of all the divers characters, but suffice it to say that however unsuccessfully many of them "come off" and however tedious many of the descriptions of their lives turn out to be, there is always an inspiring touch of irony which partially redeems the other inadequacies involved. In the case of the character, Borsht, for example, the rich Jew, who goes to Soviet Russia and does the best he can to exploit the comrades by his shifty business tactics, the irony is unforgettable. Borsht's son, Abraham, went to the Soviet Union as a convinced Communist, with an idealism that burned through his pores, but when the battle over Trotskyism begins to rage, Abraham is liquidated, or executed if you prefer the more accurate word. His father, however, a complete "Boorshoy," was tried and told "he was not wanted any more. The bourgeois Borsht was free; he could go where he liked." In other words, it's the devout Communist who is shot in Soviet Russia (that is, if he criticises the Stalin regime) and not the "Boorshoy."

There are Jews from every street, alley, trail, path, and pasture of life who punctuate the narrative: a lord, a royal mistress, a punch-drunk Kid Levinsky, a munitions' manufacturer, a writer, all representing different aspects of the Jews as a people. No one can accuse the author of being prejudiced in favor of his race. The Jews he describes, even including Wasservogel, are hardly an attractive or lovable lot. They have virtues but their vices are more conspicuous. In fact, I should say, if one should wish to make such a judgment, that insofar as the average Gentile is concerned, (fortunately he won't read the book) it would fortify rather than destroy his anti-Semitic prejudices. He would miss the beauty and wonder of the eloquent passages where the author is truly poetic in his descriptions, where the agony of the Jewish people becomes highly elegy, where the wandering of a tragic race

Robert Neumann

are finally brought to a most tragic end.

With so much to say, and so much genius to say it, it is to be profoundly regretted that Mr. Neumann should have clogged his story with so much tedious, extraneous, impertinent material, and made it sag and bog and just never steer a clear and definite course.

Cackling in the Cloisters

GEESE IN THE FORUM. By Lawrence Edward Watkin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1940. 287 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

LAWRENCE EDWARD WATKIN is that rare beast among writers, a man who can change his pace, take a fresh line, and master it at once. If you have read or seen "On Borrowed Time," a sentimental fable just this side of homily, you will hardly be prepared for the crackling fireworks in "Geese in the Forum." Common to both books is a tight plot structure and a good short flailing sentence; Mr. Watkin is a writer. But the moods, the mental atmospheres of the books, are worlds apart. Here Mr. Watkin picks a crucial modern issue, jumps in with both feet, and kicks up the dust with tremendous gusto. What he is dusting off is and has been for a long time a private battleground: our college administrations. There have been plenty of novels about college professors before now, generally, as Mr. Watkin points out in a note, "the absent-minded booby of the motion picture or the erudite wooden Indian — — " And it is high time these silly straw men were thrown down, for you have only to walk into almost any college classroom to see quite another figure, a young man with good shoulders and a vigorous mind who could in many cases slip unnoticed among his pupils. He is pointing at them the full force of a still youthful enthusiasm. He is trying, for them, to preserve the life that is in learning from the mortmain of administration.

There is the issue, and if it sounds like a tract remember that Mr. Watkin has told it in terms quite foreign to tracts, terms of live people and dramatic conflict, even love and humor and speed. The life of this college town is very neatly and thoroughly turned up, from the tangled emotional affairs of young John Burgess, History, to his brave climactic battle at a faculty conference, which will bring cheers from anybody who has ever attended one. A younger Sinclair Lewis, with less documentation and less conscious satire, more wit, more grace, might have written it this way. Mr. Watkin didn't need to collect any documentation. He's dwelt in the forum, all his life, and he tells his story brilliantly with no punches pulled. The geese are sure to cackle, but the real men in the forum will grin and like it.

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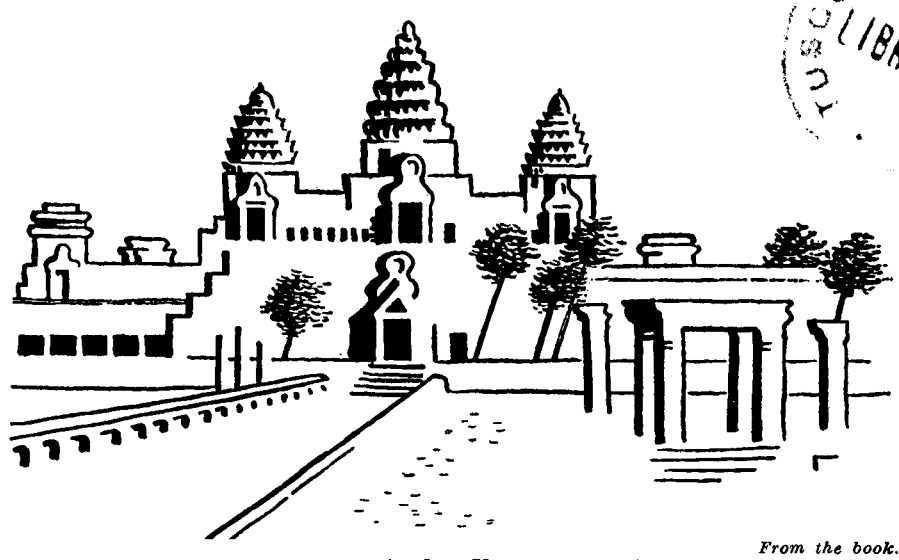
New Sights and New Sounds

ESCAPE WITH ME. By Osbert Sitwell. New York: Harrison-Hilton Books. 1940. 322 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by UPTON CLOSE



From the book.

Angkor Vat

HERE'S a book whose body is part of the eternal delight of human living, and whose title is a fragment of the unbelievable, tragic irony of the times! Osbert Sitwell, of England's outstanding post-war writing family (consisting of elder sister Edith, Osbert, and young brother Sacheverell)—who wrote "England Reclaimed" in 1927, and "All at Sea" (with brother) in the following year, and then settled down into the English landscape with "Winters of Content" (1934), now publishes "Escape with Me." The points of escape to which we are invited are Indo-China, where the destiny of free China, the French empire, and the industrial world's richest corner are being settled by violence timed to Tokyo's rhythm, and to Peking, capital not only taken captive by the conqueror but prettified for his purpose and taken to bed for long ravishment!—As, next, Paris, and—who knows—London?

Osbert Sitwell couldn't have known this as he wrote so understandingly of everlasting human nature, taking as his examples French colonial officials and their wives on shipboard, kings, lords and slaves of ancient and dead Angkor, and a number one boy of modern Peking.—Or did he know it—with the presentiment of the poet? Was his muse trying to tell him and us, between the lines of lush description and crisp fun and believe-it-or-not curiosities, that there is always escape into the lovable, laughable, cruel, generous, vagariousness of human nature, posturing as conqueror or submitting as conquered, whether it be human nature of one thousand years ago, haunting the stones of Angkor until the stone figures of the dead city seem more alive than today's political party conventions, or human nature of a European ship in the Red Sea or Chinese curio dealers and gourmets in Peking.

"Escape with Me," subtitled "An Oriental Sketch-book," beautifully published on this side of the water, goes down as a travel book. But this is not the travel book of the youngster who wants you to gasp: "How *did* you"—or "How *could* you"—"do it!" nor yet the travel book of profound emotional experience in which we see a soul learning, and both mellowing and steeling itself, such as Graham Peck has recently done so movingly in "Through China's Wall." "Escape with Me" is the travel book of the poet and philosopher, of the polished man of letters, who already knows everything and has seen everything in his mind's eye and has the words with which to express it, who is surprised at nothing and delighted with everything, to whom new sights and sounds and smells and incongruities are only further bright examples of the charming illogic of yearning, everlasting human nature.

Of its kind, Mr. Sitwell's "Escape with Me," is one of the best, and should be a permanent classic, like Marco Polo and Doughty's "Travels." It would be dangerous to plunge into some of its descriptions and speculations without four points braced, but some of its yarns would make sparkling magazine articles—so varied is the tempo of the book. (The divorce-promoting monkeys of Gilbraltar, for instance;—or the "League of Nations" bird (flamingo?) whose dignified rear end was target for hoodlum simians in Cambodia).

No one hates to pass up a good story more than a poet or a philosopher, for if he were not interested in the unusual, and alert to use every instance to provide a metaphor or a deduction, he would not be a poet or a philosopher. And so, to the old timer on the Asia coast, Mr. Sitwell may, on occasion, seem somewhat willingly taken in—notably by his China boy. In my considerable experience, the Number One boy more often uses intimate moments to "make a touch," to "bury his grandmother," than in confidences about his hidden proprietorships in flourishing businesses. Mr. Sitwell can also draw wrong conclusions, as, for instance, that Annamite amahs hide their black teeth with their hands when embarrassed and forget to do so when feeling at home—whereas they actually do so when calm and conventional and forget to do so when excited. However, Mr. Sitwell does not have that affinity for wrong deductions which has plagued some other recent travelers.

No wonder people want to read this book, and that its royalties promise the author a practical means of escape, if that yet prove to be necessary, from his own green island, which rides heavily, indeed, today.

On the serious side, Mr. Sitwell gives us the first English version which I have seen of French sinologist Paul Pelliot's translation of Tchou Ta-kwan's (that's the awful French spelling) record of life in Angkor in the years 1296-7. As we owe to an old Chinese traveller—perhaps the first real travel-book writer—our knowledge of the birthplace and times of the Buddha, so, now, we owe to another the solution of the world's greatest mystery: the story of who were and how lived the people who built and inhabited its most massive deserted city.—Maybe, before Japanese incendiary bombs partly made in U.S.A. destroy all Chinese libraries some old Chinese writer will be discovered who lived in and observed the habits of the virgins of Atlantis, and of the Aztecs!

And meanwhile, where is Paul Pelliot, whom I last saw so happily bickering with his young wife on the banks of the Seine? Is Paris already (looking through a little lens of time) another Angkor, the Eiffel Tower a less enduring Bayon Wat? And is London next?

But the Tchou Ta-kwans and Paul Pelliots and Osbert Sitwells are an undying line . . . and if one gets lost for a few centuries, another will yet uncover him.

Upton Close, lecturer and writer on Oriental life and literature, is the author of "Land of the Laughing Buddha."

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WINE FROM OLD BOTTLES

IN an eloquent little book published not long ago, "Candle in the Dark," an admirable tract for the times, Irwin Edman, commenting on the catastrophic fact that "for the second time in a generation the brutal futility of war has broken out in the very heart of the civilized world," goes on to say: "Whatever be the causes, whatever the necessity, the fact that there could be such causes and such necessity has already eaten like a canker into the bloom of every value we enjoy and every ideal we cherish. It has seemed to make a mockery of all our hopes, and nonsense of all our knowledge. It has turned the faith in education into an irony and has reduced to triviality the arts on which men have lavished their technical mastery and their lyric flame. It has made even private joys seem precarious and shame-faced." It has done this for non-combatant peoples as well as for combatant. And, indeed, how could it be otherwise in a day when the events of war are bruited abroad on the very waves of the air and when the impact of disaster is as immediate and direct on the furthermost reaches of the world as on the area of strife? Yet, unless the night of despair is to close down on us all, we must continue to live by those delights and pursuits which in the face of the agony of millions it seems to us callous to allow.

War demands of peoples a moral toughness which is something apart from what we know as morale, an invincible resolution not only to endure valiantly but to think rigorously. In each of us there is a fifth column that threatens disaster to our strength, all those impulses of pity and horror and fear which are insidiously in conflict with our convictions and which batter against our determination to allow no quarter to the forces of destruction. It is so easy to translate sympathy into condonation, not of wrong but of courses of action which may entrench wrong, so difficult amidst the general turmoil to keep judgment unclouded and opinions straight. Now, as never before, we stand in need of that long range vision which can project itself into the consequences of emotionalism and of the philosophical detachment of mind which draws courage for the future from knowledge of the past.

Attention has of late been much focussed on the young, and much criticism has been passed on the fibre of their thought. Yet for what the youth of today believes, for the confusion of its loyalties, its pessimism, and its fears, the generation of its parents is greatly responsible. It was they who proclaimed the futility of war, they who uncovered the cankers in American civilization, they who denounced the men and policies of Versailles. They themselves were the product of war, with the impress of its animosities, its problems, and its disappointments upon them. They had been called upon to endure heroic adventure, had gone into it with optimism, and come out of it with what looked like success, to find as the years went on that their hopes were progressively betrayed. They passed on their disillusionment to their children, but not that background of certainty in democracy and America which had been ingrained in themselves. And, tragically, the depression helped further to shatter the confidence of the young.

Nor, in the literature of their time, have the young found much to sustain them. For the literature of the twenties was a literature of disillusionment, and that of the thirties a tapering off into less bitter denunciation but no less grim realism. And now, when literature should speak with fervor and conviction, the more important authors seem to have been immobilized by the immense calamity of war. It is easily explicable, this paralysis which has fallen upon them. For they are constrained from writing not only by the impact of war upon themselves but upon their public. Nothing that they can say can appear dramatic or significant against the background of conflict. They cannot, in a world of flux, achieve a perspective that permits of prophecy. They cannot maintain serenity in a war which is at every man's door. They cannot persuade a public informed almost hourly of the progress of battle to any long range philosophy. But the older writers can, those whose works have already been tested by time and whose spirit is a torch for the present. To them we can turn for solace, for, as Mr. Edman says, "Life is always at some turning point. Great poets and seers have taught us in the past, they may teach us now to behold the view. Stopping thus to behold it, its urgency, though not its tragedy, may be removed. And then we shall be enabled to behold what men have always beheld when they have raised their eyes to see; the serene, unending recurrences in Nature, the eternal forms and types of happiness and suffering, of cruelty and wisdom, of barbarism and saintliness, that perpetually return on the human scene." Or, as Winston Churchill put it last Sunday, they may glimpse "the sunlight on the uplands."

A. L.

Epitaph

By Brooke Byrne

WE were not many, and no bronze asserts
Our unheroic living between the ultimate guns.
We the despised, whom no allegiance supports.

Our spiritual country was a bridge.
It went out in the floods. Not even the piers remain,
No ford for crossing from hostile edge to edge.

Or we were divers under the wave of the world,
Living precariously out of our native air,
Clumsily swung in a world where blood is cold.

They had names for us, the not-quite-single-brained,
The dubious and unvaliant, the exiled, the finally dead:
Who neither fought nor surrendered, and died unclaimed.

There was no great need to kill us in haste.
The smoke of the burning books, the folds of the flag,
We stifled in them as others died in the past.

Having learned silence, we went to the earth
And practised silence, or spoke to silence forever.
Be merciful: it was our condition of breath.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Library Testimonial

SIR:—Mr. F. L. Allen in his "Our Widening American Culture" [*SRL* June 29] remarks rather apologetically, "It is true that book sales have shown little increase during the past generation."

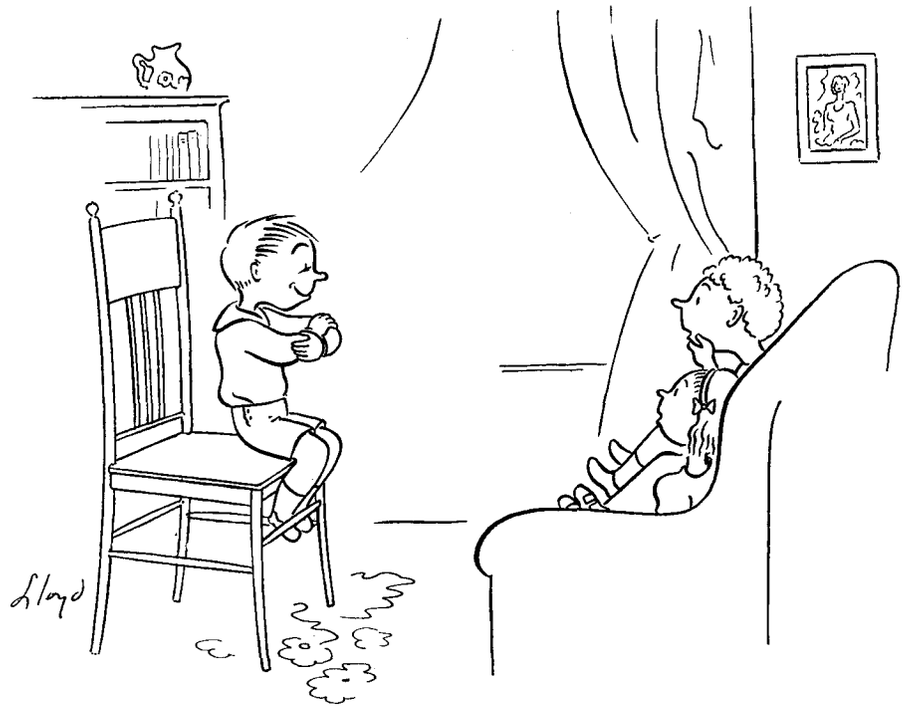
If Mr. Allen is concerned with the number of books read, rather than the number sold, and will consider the work of the public libraries, he need not feel discouraged. Here is what has happened in one New England city, which in 1900, when the movies were just beginning, had an active and well stocked library.

In that year the public borrowed an average of 2½ books per inhabitant. By 1910 the movies were going strong and many people were driving automobiles, but the public borrowed twice as many books—an average of six volumes per inhabitant. Ten years later, in 1920 when automobiles were common and the radio was coming in, they borrowed one-third more books than 1910, or eight volumes per inhabitant. By 1930 movies theaters were dotted all over the city, the roads were cluttered with automobiles, and the radio was heard in many homes, yet the public borrowed half again as many, or 12 books per inhabitant; and today they are borrowing about 13½ books. In other words, the people are apparently reading today more than five times as much as formerly, and the proportion of books other than fiction has been steadily increasing.

This is more or less typical of what has been going on in other cities and towns which had public libraries forty years ago, and in the meantime hundreds or thousands of cities and towns throughout the country which did not have libraries have established them. It would appear that in spite of the flood of periodical literature and notwithstanding other distractions, the reading of books has increased materially.

H. C. W.

Springfield, Mass.



"And then Cinderella and the Prince go into a clinch."

"Our Borrowed Vocabulary"

SIR:—Our friend, H. L. Mencken [*SRL* June 29] does not seem to be correct in his explanation of "hoosegow." The word "juzgado" does not mean jail, but means either one judge or a bench of judges, or the place where they sit. As the past participle of the Spanish verb "juzgar" it simply means "judged." The Spanish word for jail is "carcel" and jailed is "encarcelado."

In the small towns in Spanish-speaking America, and I have no doubt the same thing is true in Spain, the court is not a very imposing building. It is, as a matter of fact, usually rather ramshackle, and the jail is two or three rooms attached to it. As the court is called the hoosegow, "juzgado" and the jail is a part of it, the word thus comes to mean jail.

I saw an article some years back in a Spanish magazine saying that the jail in Belgium is known as "amigo," because in the Spanish occupation of Flanders, when the Spanish night watch would catch a Fleming doing anything that they thought deserved jail, they would start him toward it and say to him "Eche palante, amigo" and put their pike point at his back and start him jailward. The phrase simply means, "Go ahead, friend," but the Fleming, understanding no word of Spanish and knowing when he heard that phrase that he went to jail, thought that it meant "Go to jail," and as "amigo" is the last word, still calls jail "amigo."

In a recent article in the *Sun,* quoted in the New York *Enquirer* of Monday, July 1st, Mr. Mencken says:

> Canadians, as everyone knows, would welcome them fondly and accommodate them with places in the forefront of the fray, but nearly all of them show a reluctance to step up. The majority of such warlocks, in fact, are beyond military age and not many of them shed any gore for democracy the last time.

I wonder what he thinks the word "warlocks" means. Certainly not the same as Tam o' Shanter.

EDMUND ENRIGHT.

New York City.

SIR:—In his interesting article on loan words in American English, Mr. Mencken mentions two words from the Swedish which may eventually work their way into our general speech. Another word from the Swedish which seems to have gained a foothold in "our borrowed vocabulary" is *smörgåsbord.* That this word has become at all current is remarkable, since it is long, comparatively difficult to pronounce, and inconvenient to print because of the umlaut marks. We have previously borrowed the French *hors d'oeuvres* and the Italian *antepasto,* but these terms are inadequate for the sumptuous array of Swedish delicacies. The use of *smörgåsbord* is by no means "confined to the upper Middle West"; the word is undoubtedly as familiar in New York as *lutfisk* is in Minnesota. For the sake of accuracy it should be noted that *lefse* (a kind of potato-pancake), mentioned by Mr. Mencken, is not from the Swedish but from the Norwegian, although adopted into some provincial dialects, and that the eating of *lutfisk* (a fish delicacy) is very much limited to the Christmas season. Last year a Swedish editor in Chicago upbraided the restaurants for serving it at Thanksgiving time; it is almost sacrilegious to enjoy it before Christmas.

E. GUSTAV JOHNSON.

Chicago.

"How to Mark a Book"

SIR:—How can you ever answer your conscience for permitting Mortimer Adler [*SRL* July 6] to use your pages to advocate defacing the nation's books?

Toronto. P. B. BENNETT.

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From a mural by Schomer Lichtner from the Sheboygan, Wisconsin, Post-Office.

Wisconsin Local Color

COUNTRY GROWTH. By August Derleth. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons. 1940. 322 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JAMES GRAY

AUGUST DERLETH has staked out an unchallengeable literary claim upon a part of the state of Wisconsin. He calls his town Sac Prairie. The story of its settling and its development has supplied him with material for a series of historical novels of which there are more to come. And the contemporary life of the same community is reflected in the group of tales that make up his latest volume.

Around the theory of regionalism, Mr. Derleth has put a neat, tight fence, giving to its vague formality an effect of intimacy and coziness. The effect of a comfortable familiarity with the scene is heightened by the fact that many of his stories are told in the first person from the point of view of a boy, growing up in Sac Prairie and watching with humorous shrewdness the behavior of his Great Aunt Lou, his Great Uncle Joe, and a group of other villagers in all of whom he has the closest kind of neighborly interest.

Mr. Derleth strikes his happiest vein in these unpretentious but often deeply moving folk tales. What seems pretentious in his historical novels, what seems over-wrought in all his longer works of fiction seldom appears in this volume to plague the reader out of his wish to remain sympathetic with his talent. Here he is direct, simple, humorous, and hearty—all without the disquieting trace of self-consciousness that mars his more ambitious work.

Best of all these stories is "Buck in the Bottoms," an enormously appealing account of how the force of goodwill dramatically declared itself against the predatory impulse of village life by saving a handsome buck from destruction. The snowy serenity of the December night offers a picturesque background to a tale in which poetry and folk humor are skillfully blended. The anthologists will reprint this story many times.

Mr. Derleth's restraint in handling the pathos of inarticulate suffering is admirable in "A Ride Home." There is an echo of the kind of honest hilarity that Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings gets into her folk comedy in such stories as "Crows Fly High" and "That Heathen Alonzo." "A Man Needs a Woman" makes the telling of a neat anecdote the excuse for some excellent character drawing.

Only one story, and that the most carefully and conscientiously wrought of all, betrays Mr. Derleth into some of his unfortunate ways. "Any Day Now" is the story of a girl who turns away from love and lives to regret it. The author chants mournfully, lovingly, repetitiously over his theme for seventy-five pages, succeeding only in underscoring its commonplaceness. But when he gives casually of his rich knowledge of village life, August Derleth reveals himself as one of the best equipped and most appealing of our American short story writers.

Civilization Marches On

Ernst Glaeser, noted German author of "Class of 1902," and "Peace," has recently been sent to a Nazi concentration camp. Glaeser's books were burned in 1933. Shortly before the outbreak of war he returned to Germany after having carried on negotiations with a representative of the Reich.

Exquisite and Stern

THE SPIRIT WATCHES. By Ruth Pitter. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1940. 60 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

RUTH PITTER'S distinguished work is most deceptive. Quick to challenge attention, slow to achieve popularity, it is an exciting study in contradictions. The surface of this poetry is smooth and graceful; beneath the gently changing contours the shaping mind is firm and surprisingly edged. The idiom is simple, quietly conventional; the statements are seemingly casual; but the craftsmanship is extraordinarily disciplined and the tone is unmistakably the tone of poetry of high order.

When she began to publish, Miss Pitter was content with the round, inherited sonorities. She trusted tradition to the extent of echoing its dictates; she seemed unable, or unwilling, to draw the line between truth, which is the poet's lone discovery, and platitude, which is everybody's echo. "The Spirit Watches" attests Miss Pitter's continuing growth. The playful soliloquies and mocking parodies of "A Mad Lady's Garland" (1935) have turned into earnest wit; the restraint which marked the selection of ten years' harvest in "A Trophy of Arms" (1926-1936) has strengthened into an utterance no less passionate for being poised. She has come so securely into her own way of seeing and saying that she does not bother to conceal her influences. Blake is affirmed in several epigrammatic (and sometimes enigmatic) couplets, such as "The End of Fear." The early as well as the late Yeats is frankly acknowledged; the former in the vague symbolism and melodic repetitions of "The Difference," the latter in the intellectually stripped "Rare Birds," "The Downward-Pointing Muse," and "The Mountainous Country." Yet even in these one hears Miss Pitter's own accent—exact but not finicking, patrician but not pedantic—and in most of the other poems she is strictly herself. Her scrutiny is as keen as a naturalist's; but reality is the instrument and not the result of her precisions.

With her latest volume Miss Pitter assumes full stature as one of the indubitable poets of a dubious time. She is that rare thing: a mystic with a sense of humor, an initiate whose revelations are immediate, eager, seldom arcane. Tender yet never mawkish, exquisite but stern, Miss Pitter is a joy to discover and a happiness to recall.

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Pale Caste of Thought

FASHIONS IN INTELLECTUALISM

LEONARD BACON

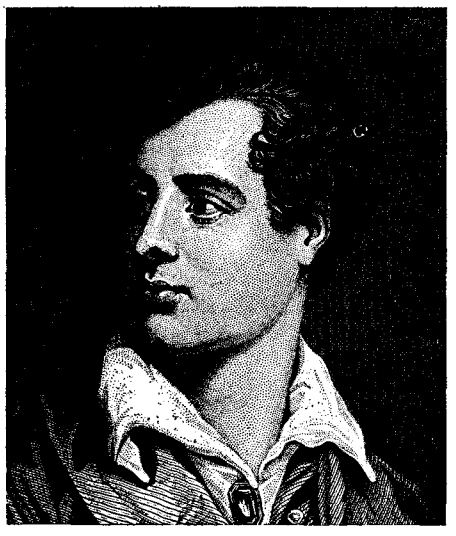
TUSCULUM LIBRARY

THE year 1813 was a very exciting one, fully as agitated as 1940, for Europe was getting round at last to doing Bonaparte down. There had been fighting all over Germany and Spain from May onward till a gigantic culmination in October at Leipzig when troops of almost every nation on the continent collided in such a battle as had never been imagined since Goth and Roman beat the Huns at Chalons.

It was in the year of Vittoria and Leipzig that Lord Byron, a neurotic poet of twenty-five, who moved with hectic enjoyment where wit, beauty, and intelligence were competing to do honor to genius, rank and success, found time, among other things, to be the first man to use the noun "intellectual" in much the sense in which we employ it at present, as the name of a tribe set apart, Levites of the Lord, and a lay-priesthood forever, not altogether after the order of Melchisedech.

The Oxford Dictionary, which tells us of Byron's reference to the term, leaves the point undetermined whether the word as he applied it contains the element of mockery which it ought to contain and does, though the fact that he was apt to jeer would be in favor of the presence of innuendo. The group, to whom he referred as "these intellectuals," consisted of Canning, Frere, Sharpe and Gifford, all of them famous at the time for wit and learning, and two of them famous yet. But if, as I suppose, he employed the expression in a manner at least partially depreciatory, then there is a certain point in the fact, if fact it be, that the word took on its modern implications as it ran down with the ink from the goosequill of the last great satirist.

The distinction between the intellectual and the intelligent has been often drawn and can hardly be drawn too often. And the cliché expresses it well, which states that it is possible to be highly intellectual without being specially intelligent, and highly intelligent with no particular bent toward intellectual matters. Though the intelligent, like the poor, are always with us, they seldom attract so much attention, at least not under any administration this republic is likely to have for some time. They turn up in unexpected places and are apt to impress privately. The writer has known two cowboys whose powers of mind were at least equal to those of highly distinguished men of letters, with the added attraction that the cowboys never seemed aware that they were in any respect superior persons. But neither of them would have cut, or cared to cut, a figure at a party of people with an amateur interest in what are called things of the mind.



Lord Byron

THE word Byron had for it was let loose at a moment when it was going to be needed, for the war, which had raged twenty years, fell into a six-months coma, woke to savage delirium, and died at Hougomont with unpredictable suddenness. Highly intelligent, if unattractive, reactionaries leaped into the saddles whence the revolutionaries had been thrown. For thirty years men like Metternich sat on the head of Europe and suppressed the dormouse. They believed they knew "what made him tick" and were not having any.

But change and misery all over a volcanic continent set young men brooding about passionate problems in an atmosphere which, as the phrase goes, was more conducive to vehemence than to thoroughness. It was about all the fun they had, and it was not unnatural, if there was frequently more rhetoric than science in their eager speculations. In particular a young Jew of parts came under the influence of a person named Hegel, to this day the type and example of the intellectual, who may now be defined, perhaps somewhat unfairly, as a man or woman who is interested in ideas because they are ideas rather than because they have validity. I had better be as explicit as possible, but I don't think I am overstating the case. Hegel was a man with a formula that explained the stars in their courses, the principles of physics, the system of esthetics, the course of human history, or what have you. The dialectic was neat, momentarily satisfactory, easy to grasp and—according to me verbal in the worst sense of the word.

What wonder then if Karl Marx proceeded to take human society apart on Hegel's principles, in spite of the fact that even the innocent bystander has become uneasy as he perceived that the algebra of thesis, antithesis, and synthesis was far too facile, whereas the universe had an uncompromising air of being a tough customer? What wonder, when he was following his own best instincts, which were noble, and getting the "intellectual erotic thrill" out of making those instincts superficially rational? Answer: None whatever. But when he told the European proletariat in 1848 to rise in favor of his programme, and that they had nothing to lose but their chains, his expression was more than battle-cry, for with that image the reign of the intellectual began in the grand style. At once in a world full of wild-fire the people who were interested in ideas because they were ideas saw themselves as the natural leaders of the amorphous masses who were interested in bread because it was bread.

It is reasonable to point out that when Karl Marx spoke his piece, the proletariat (like their "antithesis" the bourgeoise) needed to lose a good deal beside their chains, in particular "a disposition to go straight to Hell for

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an exciting phrase." Not for a moment is it suggested that what are called intellectuals as a class have any special predilection for world-revolution. At the time the sheep-fold of the Tractarians was full of earnest specimens who like to point out how well Newman bore the burden and heat, just as a little later they would play the game of speculation for its own sake on the edge of the arena where Darwin stood almost alone against the anxious phalanx of the orthodox. Before you knew it, it would be Nietzsche in the same ring. But 1848 threw a spotlight on a type so numerous that in no time they were a caste that had power and furthermore some democratic principles. Anybody could get on board, that is to say, provided one showed proper courtesy to whatever elected prophets were momentarily the thing. Thus if Newman or Fourier were in the ascendant, depending on the region, a little lip-service to Newman or Fourier made one automatically a member in good standing, and the formality of reading a book, which might turn out on examination to be a soporific inconsistent with human fact, could be happily dispensed with.

THUS the Age of Skimming began, and as Congreve had noted, want of learning gave a man more opportunity to show his natural parts. If this was seldom stated it was at any rate felt with conviction. And in every café in Europe people who canvassed the arts, literature, music, science, and, where the police permitted, politics, felt themselves to be pleasantly superior to the ruck, because, however inadequately (which was not their notion of it), they were involved in matters of so high an order.

Now it is not in any sense the purpose of this paper to run down the lost art of conversation, which, it may be parenthetically observed, "began to get lost" about the time Byron found the name for the thing. One of the four worthies whom he mentioned was Sharpe, who may be identified, possibly correctly, with "Conversation" Sharpe, very nearly the last of the Romans. Conversation under suitable circumstances is a noble pleasure and may be more than that. But if it is to be a pleasure, or more than a pleasure, then, as has often been said, a body of knowledge shared more or less by the participants must be in the background. We are further informed that a body of ignorance will not do. It isn't enough to be humanly curious about what one is too lazy to investigate. Vicarious enlightenment is not sufficient. And "getting it from the neighbors" is dangerous, especially when the neighbors have such a talent for being misinformed. A lot of what passes for conversation nowadays resembles a rather poor game of poker, where a man who has read a *New Masses* editorial concerning "Reflections on Violence" puts up a bluff about Sorel to another man who now hears the French syndicalist's name for the first time. And that bluffer's voice is heard nowadays wherever there is speech or language.

It would be unfair to say right out that it is hypocrisy, though hypocrisy is clearly a part of the picture. It's rather more like a fashion which people follow, the fashion of knowing everything, which has for a natural result that we give up trying to learn anything. To get thoroughly to the bottom of anything, to read books other than the most blatant abridgments and a flock of monthly digests, to resort, after personal investigation, to the actual authorities, these things have become almost offensive in the sight of the intellectual, when, as he supposes, he can, with much less effort, get the dirt atmospherically from Bill on the liberal sheet or Dick on the conservative. And it would go against the grain anyhow, for, as the poet said, to read, when one might be talking, involves painful self-sacrifice. To listen, as the poet added, when one might be talking, is if possible worse. And I say it's terrible, so terrible that out of spite I am going to paint a portrait.

Wellington Cartwright is a long slim man at whose belt-line the mere embryo of a bow-window begins to appear. You suspect him of being forty on that account, though his face would be youthful were it not for a skeptical expression which however is belied by something enthusiastic in his voice. One fancies not without reason that the eager tone is carefully cultivated. He has spent a good deal of time in two great universities where it appears he reclined at the feet of very great men whose obiter dicta he remembers with pleasure. At a cocktail party (There is always a cocktail near-by when Wellington's around) he once told me that Irving Babbitt considered William James unsound. I don't know whether Babbitt did or not, but before I could rise to that Parmacheenee Belle, he alluded to Enid Starkie's "Arthur Rimbaud," a work meritorious for research, but, as to the hypotheses advanced, highly distinguished as a source of controversy. I happened to have read it, and he happened to have read a review of it, a combination which seemed to disconcert him, though his change of front to a position in the vicinity of Gerard Manley Hopkins was beyond praise as a maneuver. He told me to keep an eye on Hopkins and that "his deep Catholic passion and the words that battered their way into his lines as if by main strength" were what the doctor ordered. I am of that opinion, but suspected that the words between the quotation marks were stolen goods, and malignantly followed by hunch. Two minutes of no very ingenious cross-examination brought out that Wellington had indeed read "Pied Beauty," which is and ought to be in every decent anthology, and that was all he knew about Hopkins and, I almost began to believe, about anything else. But that is unfair. He knows one trade, its tackle and gear.

From the SRL, June 8, 1940.

"But a thing of beauty is a thing of beauty and a joy forever is a joy forever."

That trade is the imaginative development of incomplete information for the benefit of persons who have none at all. I have only heard the rumor of his exposition of yoga to the daughter of a Long Island polo-player, but if that humorous young lady is to be trusted, it must have been a honey and at least the equal of his dissertation on Papal Infallibility. In the course of the latter performance he admitted that it was some years since he had read Ranke, but covered the omission up with an entertaining sentence that was a horse of another color and clearly by Lytton Strachey out of the *New Republic*. When, through no fault of my own, I heard him get off the stinging phrases in the ear of a hostess who cares nothing about Papal Infallibility, or Lytton Strachey, or the *New Republic*, something came to me. I remembered childhood's pleasure in mysterious sonorities where everything has wild connotations of unknown significance. It dawned on me that Wellington liked to hear himself utter phrases, like "survival of the fittest," "diminishing returns," "second law of thermodynamics," "neurotic syndrome." That these expressions are names of things, and, in fact, of rather terrifying things, is a point he gives every indication of having ignored. But as he gets one or more of them off between gulps at a Martini, you are aware of a sensual pleasure in the mere utterance akin to what he derives

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from the yellow liquid on his tongue. Through the cigarette smoke you can hear him, as he fascinates a stock-broker who is rightly alarmed: "Einstein!—O yes, you mean the generalized theory. Field physics! That's where these new boys have an edge. Odd that Newton's work should go by the board." The stock-broker naturally gasps at this easy expression of the ineffable and seems hardly to recognize that he might have smiled when the waiter spoke to him in Jargonese.

At one time I believed that Wellington could be best explained on the ground that he had made a private study of Elbert Hubbard's scrap-book. But his secret is a good deal simpler. When something unknown and therefore magnificent, which will evidently be good for ten minutes high converse at his next party, swims into Wellington's ken, he buttonholes someone who may conceivably be in the know and parasitically extracts such detail and anecdote as float in the penumbra of science or art. The victim never knows. Thus Wellington got all the platter about Cro-Magnon and Neanderthal from a man who had read an old number of the National Geographic Magazine in a dentist's office. And he keeps abreast of literature in much the same way, though that led him into a disaster I wish I might have witnessed.

IT was of course at a cocktail party, just before which an elderly hetaira had read aloud to him a passage from "Waste Land," which has bewildered better than Wellington who heard it for the first time. At the party was a young Princetonian, whose racket is ornithology and whose predilection is contemporary poetry. Wellington drifted over to him, with his air of one whose business is to "unscrew the inscrutable," and led the conversation to the "Waste Land." "Some say one thing, some another," he remarked, making a genuine but guarded plea for information, "But I wonder what the beautiful line 'Shantih! Shantih! Shantih!' really signifies." The Princetonian tumbled instantly and replied with authority so crushing as to be brutal: "According to William Beebe, it's the mating-cry of the Impeyan Pheasant. There never was a more superb piece of relevant irrelevance." Cartwright looked at wisdom with appropriate awe, but he had got what he wanted and moved gratefully across the room where he began chatting with a quiet man whose only distinction seemed to be unawareness that he looked distinguished. The Princetonian heard the stranger in one of those sudden silences, not uncommon at such parties, make the startling admission that he was born in St. Louis. But Cartwright was quickly in command of a conversation which was quenched for ten minutes in the general roar. Then in another calm the Princetonian heard Wellington's voice lifted in his best expository style. "The whole point of the passage," he was saying, "is in the thrice repeated word 'Shantih.' It's real genius to introduce the mating-cry of the Impeyan Pheasant at the very apocalyptic moment and crisis of the most sophisticated poem of our time." The stranger's expression was one of odd interest. Well it might be, for when the Princetonian was introduced to him three minutes later, his name proved to be T. S. Eliot.

Of course the episode is imaginary and in fact merely a too complex variation on a too simple theme of Harold Nicholson's, but it illustrates my point about Wellington who no doubt is so excessive a development of a strange type as not to be altogether typical. Nevertheless it is my experience that a considerable number of his friends resemble him fairly closely. Whatever the field of interest, they will in general manage to be ignorant of the first principles and the relevant facts, though they will have the catch-words and the names more or less on tap, and will hope to keep prestige unimpaired by making little remarks in which those catchwords and names are judiciously inserted. Nietzsche, Croce, John Dewey, Freud, Bertrand Russell, Proust, Pareto, equalled in renown and in being, as for the intellectuals, wholly unread except as cited in high-brow editorials, dwindle to counters in the dullest of games, or to borrow Mr. MacLeish's metaphor, books and ideas become articles of moral clothing, hastily assumed because they have been advertised in "Vogue" or "Esquire" and it is necessary to keep up with Park Avenue. It is of all vanities the emptiest.

And the man who is tickled by the straw of an idea because it is an idea does not realize that, beyond others, he is worshipping Maya who has drawn her veil of illusion in triple thickness over the vague features of his world. His particular illusion, that he knows what he's talking about when, as is always the case, he talks about it, is quite as sad as it is comic. For, as he doesn't know, he will go on saying to the last syllable of recorded time that Nietzsche is the gospel of Nazidom, that Darwin is obsolete, that there is a good deal to be said for the theory that Edward Vere wrote "Hamlet," and that corn-goddesses are very important because somebody once saw some heavy dope about them in "The Golden Bough." He will have notions about Alexander the Great's inferiority-complex and Galileo's mother-fixation. And many a hostess, grateful for this last touch, will tell you that his conversation is truly brilliant.

When Bryon, as I believe, first used the fated term "Intellectual" with the shadow of a jeer, his was no more than kindly innuendo. Certainly the men he applied it to were all intelligent persons who, however arrogant, talked precisely concerning what they knew about, and who habitually equated words with things. When some of our moderns learn the value of that elementary algebraic process, a cloud of not unnecessary suspicion may begin to be dissipated. The Intellectuals too often lay that smoke-screen themselves like fleeing cruisers. It is to be hoped that a lot of them may go down in the gross darkness created by their own inaccurate verbosity. It is further to be hoped that in a better time a fine English word will no longer be a rock of offense to the legitimately irritated, and perhaps may be used once more to describe a person whose acute mind "works well, easily, and all the time."

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

Briefly described below are ten more famous animals who have made names for themselves in the field of fiction. (Others in quizzes 5, 14, and 18.) Allow 5 points for each one whose name you can remember, and another 5 if you are able to recall the book in which he appeared and its author. A score of 70 is par, 80 is good, 90 or better is excellent. Answers on page 20.

1. Coco palm cocktails were the weakness of this one-man elephant.
2. This small Yorkshire terrier set out to be a hero, fought with a beetle, and won the heart of a lady rabbit.
3. In his former life this cockroach had been a poet.
4. Though highly educated, he was a modest frog.
5. As courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods, he was as intimidated and henpecked at home as his master was.
6. This diminutive jackass was ridden by Sancho Panza.
7. This French poodle's trick of walking on his hind legs won over the father of the girl who owned him.
8. This cat had the habit of slowly vanishing, leaving behind only a grin.
9. These three little dogs barked at a homeless king.
10. Of St. Nick's eight tiny reindeer, this was named after a heavenly body.

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Radio's New Dimension

WE PRESENT TELEVISION. Edited by John Porterfield and Kay Reynolds. New York: W. W. Norton. 1940. 298 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GILBERT SELDES

I HAVE not seen a better, or simpler, introduction to television than certain chapters of this book, which is a symposium covering nearly all the aspects of this new medium. There are chapters telling how television works, and I think that the layman will be able to follow them; I know they are easier to understand than the papers I read, and the papers I tried to write, three or four years ago. There are chapters telling what television does; and these are full of interest because several new technical skills are coming into existence, and we are observing incipient counterparts to closeups and panning shots while they hardly have their own names; and there are chapters telling what television may become, and they are hopeful, but I think not extravagant.

The one defect of the book to me is that except for a few glancing references to Great Britain, it treats television as an American product. Today television as a civil enterprise is American; if it is in action at all abroad, it is being used by the military and naval forces. (There is no technical reason why a plane, carrying a small transmitter, should not send back to a battery of long range guns, a picture of an enemy objective; the gunners could then see their own shell either hitting or missing the target.) But this present military possibility is based on the experience of Europe in civil television during the past three or four years; and especially the pioneers at Alexandra Palace should be recognized. For they did more than try out equipment; they proved that television programmes could be devised which would give a great deal of pleasure to at least a small public.

Having noted the omission, let me give a quick resume of the subjects treated. The way in which the television picture is created and scanned by an electron gun and so changed into electrical impulses, which can be transmitted through the air—all that is clearly described; but after several years of watching the thing happen, I still suspect that there is a miracle somewhere along the line, and I would hardly advise laymen to worry over the details.

The next step is to say how programs come into being. Here you have both the engineers and the directors, here you have the actor and producer; and here you have also the new phenomenon, the news-man on the mobile unit.

Finally there are the social problems involved. One contributor estimates that twenty-five million dollars will represent the grand total investment in television research before it begins to be able to make money. Who's to pay, and how, and for what?

If there is a miracle (see above) what's money got to do with it? So far as I can see, nearly everything. The present status of television is largely the result of research laboratory work, not of sudden spurts of inventive genius; and at present the costs of television programmes are too high for the amateur or the dilettante. The social consequences of this costliness are being guessed at, and presently will be understood. In England the costs were met according to the tradition of radio there, with a difference: for every owner of a radio set paid a tax and part of this tax went to create television which was enjoyed by a tiny minority. The radio owners were being taxed for the future. On the Continent also, television was part of the governmental monopoly. Here in America it follows the pattern of radio so far; but the connection, while natural, is not inevitable; neither is it exclusive.

Because television partakes of the nature of several other forms of communication—and of entertainment. Not stressed in the present book, but of vital importance, is the steady progress toward projected television; that is, television not on the big end of a tube, but pictures projected to a screen as large as a moving picture screen; which means, in turn, television not in the home, but in the auditorium or theatre.

Both in England and in America, experiments have constantly been made with the drama as the material for television; I am not yet convinced that the average play is great for television; but the new medium *can* carry a dramatic story and therefore it *will*. A connection with the theatre is indicated.

Sometimes the engineers with whom I work say that what I ask them to do has been tried and proved impractical; but usually they are way ahead of me, working out miracles, doing the impossible before I ask for anything. So I do not even hold back from the prophecy made in the pages contributed by Robert Edmond Jones at the end of the book—that "the images will detach themselves from the screen and appear in space before us, with the stature and colors and the voice of life itself." I don't say any part of it is coming true tomorrow; but I won't say that any part of it cannot come true.

Gilbert Seldes is director of television programs, Columbia Broadcasting System.

Victory for Their Pains

THE DARK STRANGER. By Constance W. Dodge. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co. 1940. 439 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

HERE is a vivid historical romance, filled with high words and brave deeds, such as are hard to come by nowadays. It first shows Dugald Maclean in 1745, when his father went out with the clan and was killed in helping Charles Edward, Prince of Wales, in his attempt to regain his father's kingdoms. It follows Dugald into exile in Carolina, and into captivity among the Indians; and it shows him continuing his fight against the Elector of Hanover, under John Paul Jones in the American Revolution; and shows him, finally, delivering his old neighbors from the tyranny of the Duke of Argyll, who had made his peace with the usurper, and returning to happiness in America.

"The Dark Stranger" is a historical romance, rather than a historical novel; that is, it is not concerned with a careful reconstruction of a corner of history, or writing history strung on narrative, or offering social interpretations of the past, but with telling a good and stirring story against a colorful background. This is not intended as dispraise: just as the overworked phrase "literature of escape" covers both "Tarzan of the Apes" and the Odyssey, so historical romances have been written both by Thackeray's butt, G. P. R. James, and by Scott and Dumas. And Miss Dodge has all the learning necessary to her purpose; she knows how Highlanders spoke, and how a ship was fought and wrecked in the eighteenth century. In these days it is pleasant to find a book where war is conducted gallantly, where one knows securely that everything will come out right in the end for the hero, and where, even if he serves a lost cause, time tempers defeat to romance, to the point where, as Stephen Vincent Benêt says of another lost cause, "The victors have their victory for their pains."

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The Strategy of Terror

By Edmond Taylor

☛ DO the headlines get you down?

☛ Do you wonder what Hitler will do next more often than you wonder what America will do next?

☛ Do you sit up for the 11 o'clock news broadcast?

You are public opinion, therefore you are an enemy objective. If your answer to these three questions is yes, then the psychological barrage has reached you; the only defense is understanding. "The Strategy of Terror" will give you this understanding, because it tells the story of how Paris was conquered before Hitler entered.

"THIS is unique . . . What gives his book its eerie sense of terror are the appalling parallels which constantly crop up between his picture of the post-Munich mind of Paris and the contemporary mind of America." — *Lewis Gannett.* $2.50

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The Heart is a Lonely Hunter

By CARSON McCULLERS

"'THE HEART is a Lonely Hunter' is a sit-up-and-take notice book for anyone to write, but that a round-faced, Dutch-bobbed girl of twenty-two should be the author makes hay of all literary rules and regulations. Here is a new voice speaking about new American spiritual country. Miss McCullers writes as if she had been finding out things and people for herself. A unique accent in first novels is the one thing reviewers have been praying for now for some years, and hearing but rarely." — *Clifton Fadiman.*

"A strange and uneven book, at times almost miraculous in its concise intensity . . . Mick is one of the most appealing adolescents I have ever met on a printed page. 'The Heart is a Lonely Hunter' has a series of haunting insights that linger in the memory; there is an original mood and personality behind it." — *Lewis Gannett*

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By the author of "Insanity Fair."

Nemesis?

By DOUGLAS REED

OTTO STRASSER is the head of an anti-Nazi underground machine. He is the spirit of true socialism in Germany. He is the brain of the "Black Front."

In this book about him you will find the fifth column in Germany. Here you follow its mysterious radio voice and read its postage-stamp newspapers. Here you participate in Hitler's struggle with his invisible enemy. Here you participate in Hitler's implacable pursuit of his former rival. Here you go with Strasser on a crazy odyssey two jumps ahead of the Gestapo. Through German forests, over the bed of a blonde, round a cocktail (nine parts beer to one part prussic acid) the chase leads — but in vain, for a stream of deadly anti-Nazi propaganda continues to deluge Germany.

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THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY

(*Continued from page 4*)

It would have had to establish recovery in order to stave off reform. Lacking the ability to do so, it transformed the reforming purpose into something akin to a religious crusade. It provided, the more it opposed reform, all the emotions of a drama in which each spectator felt himself associated with the fortunes of the actors involved. As its height, war and revolution provide that drama in its extreme form. In more normal times, the task of the democratic statesman is to elicit sufficient of the emotion to give the feel of great purpose in play, with sufficient of restraint to prevent the precipitation of conflict.

What I am seeking to say may perhaps be stated from a different angle. As soon as the American democracy moved into the epoch of the positive state, it could not afford the luxury of dull government. For it is the inherent implication of dull government that the dynamic of the national life is not profoundly affected by its operations; and it is to the inherent dynamic of the positive state that the operations of government are profoundly important. From this it follows that the government of a positive state must, if it is to be successful, necessarily be a thinking government. It cannot function adequately either if, as with Harding and Coolidge, it has presidents with no ideas at all, or if, as with Mr. Hoover, it has a president whose fundamental philosophy is at variance with its implications. The party struggle in the positive state can safely afford to be build upon a difference of opinion about the rate of change; it cannot afford to be built upon a difference of opinion about the direction of change. Once it is so built over any considerable period of time the conflict between the interests that are battling for power becomes too intense to be compatible with the democratic process. The established expectations of men cannot then be satisfied within the framework of reasoned discussion, because one group will reject the assumptions upon which the other builds. We have seen in our own generation the outcome of such a rejection in Russia in 1917, in Italy in 1922, in Germany in 1933, in Spain in 1936. The positive state demands positive parties; and positive parties demand positive presidents. That is the only way in which a democracy can be enabled to affirm its own essence; and a democracy that cannot affirm its own essence is compelled to the loss of its dynamic principle. When that period arrives, its downfall is always imminent.

Now what I have called thinking government is a far more difficult thing than dull government for two reasons. It is not only against more things in the past history of the nation—things, often enough, which tradition has made semi-sacred—it is also for more things in its future history. By the ambit of its affirmations, it provokes more denial than dull government is likely to do. It exacerbates public feeling; it arouses far more vivid emotions than ordinary men have known themselves to possess. Thereby also, it should be remarked, it is a far more educative process than its opposite; and, from this angle, it is far more in accord with the implied logic of democracy. But the inference I am anxious to draw from the fact that thinking government is a difficult process is that, the more urgently it is required, the less valid it makes that doctrine of "availability" which, so far, has played too considerable a part in the choice of presidential candidates.

For the "available" president will have offered too many hostages to fortune before election to strike out a strong line of his own; his power effectively to lead will have been stricken into impotence before it has got under way. That will mean that while he is president the effective center of policy will be in Congress and not in the White House. That means, as I have sought to show, not merely that there will be no creative central direction of purpose; it means, also, by the nature of what Congress is, the service of sectional interest rather than the service—so urgently required—of national need. For, as I have argued, nothing but strong leadership from the president can give to Congress the coherence and the responsibility it requires if it is to have that organic unity fit for the needs of the positive state. An "available" president means a weak president; and a weak president means a strong Congress. But a strong Congress does not mean a Congress united in determination of its direction. It means a Congress led in many directions by men whose particular purposes have never been fused into one strong and central purpose. A weak president, in a word, is a gift to the forces of reaction in the United States. It enables them to manipulate and maneuver between every difference that is provoked by the absence of a strong hand at the helm. It arrests the power to transcend the negativism which the scheme of American government so easily erects into a principle of action. A weak presidency prevents that transcendence of the limitations of 1787 which the compulsions of our generation demand.

Harold Laski favors a thinking government.

It is not, I think, an answer to this argument to say that, if emergency requires it, the strong man will be forthcoming. The question rather is whether he will be forthcoming for purposes that are valid in democratic terms. No doubt there is a real measure of truth in Bagehot's well-known aphorism that "the men of Massachusetts could work any constitution." When he wrote, his aphorism had far more truth in it than it has today, simply because the level of expectation from governmental action is so much higher than at any previous time. A constitution works well when men are in large agreement over the ends it should achieve; but their minds must be directed to the definition of those ends. And that there may be clarity in the direction, it is essential that there be leadership of a kind that no one but the president is in a position to supply. If he has the gift of leadership, if he has imagination, if, not least, he has the power, so supremely possessed by Lincoln, of understanding his fellow-men, he speaks in America from an unchallengeable eminence. Whatever voice is drowned amid the babel of tongues, his, granted these qualities, can always be heard. Even today there are phrases of Washington and Jefferson that remain a constant part of the national tradition; and some of the more vital of their gestures shape the habits to which all Americans must conform. Lincoln's brief utterance at Gettysburg has transcended all national boundaries; and wherever a civilized tradition remains, its echo still lives in the minds and hearts of men.

So, with great leadership in the president, it can continue to be with the American nation. If their prob-

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lems are immense, so also is their promise. Their resources are still vast. There is absent from their lives the weight of that feudal tradition which still bears down so heavily upon Europe and Asia. They are an experimental people, restless, alert energetic, in a degree that is rich with hope. They confront, no doubt, new issues in a setting far different from any that could have been conceived by the fifty-five men who gathered together in that summer of 1787 in Philadelphia. Science and technology have annihilated their isolation from the Old World. Their freedom is jeopardized, as so much of our freedom in England is jeopardized, by their servitude to the past, by the tribute they pay to a privilege which, there as elsewhere, exacts its full meed of claim. But in America, as in no country save one in the world today, there are the two supreme possibilities of exhilaration and hope. With them, too, has come a new maturity and a new seriousness. More people are aware than ever before that institutions are made by men for the service of men, that they live as they are adapted to larger ends. More people, too, realize that the form of a constitution is a dead and inert thing save as it is inhabited by the quick spirit of men eager to make it serve planned purposes of a nobler design. A nation that wills to be free must, as it is there increasingly understood, sees its traditions not as chains but as opportunities. To live creatively, it must discipline itself to trust, in the grand manner, the leaders of its choice.

No office in the world today carries with it greater responsibilities than the presidency of the United States; its holder needs the confidence of those who have elected him in full measure if he is to fulfil those responsibilities. He needs criticism, too; the knowledge that comes only through the expression of criticism of the grievances that are felt, the needs to which he must respond. But above all he requires, in a fuller measure than ever before, the chance to lead his people forward. If he has a duty to his people, not less is its duty to him. From it he must expect the renovation of faith in his purpose, the demand that he does not falter in setting that purpose high. Above all, for the refreshment of that faith, he must look to the common man. For it was the central purpose of the American dream to assuage his sufferings and to enlarge his prospects; it was its central purpose to make possible a genuine freedom for the many and not a privileged license for the few. As no man in the Western democracies, the president of the United States can lead in the task of giving reality to that dream. To do so he

HITLER has written:

"It will be a simple matter for me to produce unrest and revolt in the United States so that these gentry will have their hands full with their own affairs. . . . We shall soon have storm troopers in America."

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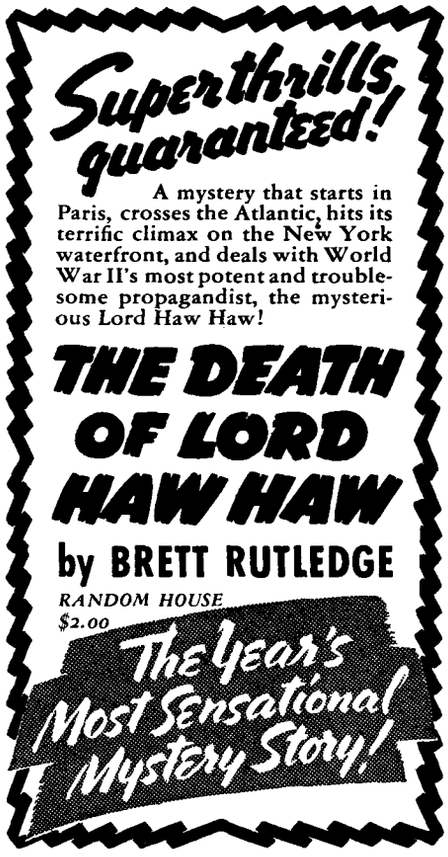
requires courage and ideas; to do so, too, he must be given the power adequate to his responsibilities. He is waging a war, as he fulfils his purpose, against those who, as Franklin Roosevelt has said, "have conceded that political freedom was the business of the government, but . . . . have maintained that economic slavery was no one's business. They granted that the government could protect the citizen in his right to vote, but they denied that the government could do anything to protect the citizen in his right to work and his right to live." As a people permits the power of a propertied class to insist upon that denial, it embarks upon the road that leads, in the end, to tyranny.

Power, no doubt, is always a dangerous thing; and the temptation to its abuse, as no generation has learned more surely than our own, the subtlest poison to which a man may succumb. Yet power is also opportunity, and to face danger with confidence is the price of its fulfilment. That is why I end with the emphasis that the president of the United States must be given the power commensurate to the function he has to perform. It must be given democratically; it must be exercised democratically; but, if he is to be a great president, let us be clear that it must be given. For great power alone makes great leadership possible; it provides the unique chance of restoring America to its people.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POWER POLITICS AND THE SOVIET

(*Continued from page* 5)

of Russia towards Paris and London. But of the two contestant parties only Germany was prepared to pay Stalin's price—the control of the Baltic States, and territorial concessions by Finland, Poland, and Rumania.

With the opportunism of which only dictators are capable the principles and ideologies of two revolutionary movements were jettisoned in the gratification of a common hunger for territorial aggrandizement, and on August 23rd the apparently impossible had been achieved.

This is the story which Mr. Wolfe tells with a wealth of personal knowledge and experience which makes his account as gripping as any Oppenheim thriller. And he goes further, showing that there is no small possibility that in the long run Stalin will have the better of his bargain with Hitler. For the spirit which imbues and impels Russia today is not communism, it is even more virile, more ruthless, more forceful than communism; it is Stalinism; "a combination of communism, Pan-Slavism, imperialism, and Asiatic despotism"—no mean amalgam even for a victorious Germany to encounter.

Mr. Wolfe shows that the Nazi-Soviet pact of mutual suspicion has had strange repercussions—and that stranger still may well occur. The abandonment by Hitler of the thousand year old tradition of Germanism in the Baltic lands, the revival by Stalin of Imperial Russia's ambitions for a Pan-Slav Balkan unit and the control of the Straits, both pale in comparison with the possible results of a Berlin-Moscow-Tokio axis towards which the sinister Joachim von Ribbentrop is working.

Perhaps the full danger of the future is summed up in the author's closing words. The "second imperialist war" he declares, "threatens either to make a victorious Reich the master of Europe or to incorporate a defeated Reich in the expanding Soviet Empire." Neither alternative is one which any Western European can contemplate with any degree of equanimity.

There are certain chapters of the story which Mr. Wolfe somewhat disappointingly omits. The episode, for example, of the historic Staff conference in Berlin in February, 1920, at which General von Seeckt, at the height of the campaign for the surrender of the German war criminals, threatened to re-open hostilities if need be and call in the assistance of the Red Army against the Allies. Nor is there any mention of the part which the egregious Franz von Papen played in the Moscow negotiations of last summer, nor of the strange role of General Syrovy in those same negotiations. It is to be hoped that Mr. Wolfe will include these addenda in a future edition of his excellent book.

John W. Wheeler-Bennett, authority on world affairs, particularly German-Russian relations, is the author of "The Forgotten Peace, Brest Litovsk."

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE DEATH OF LORD HAW HAW *Brett Rutledge* (Random House: $2.)	English-speaking Nazi radio spieler located in Manhattan and scotched by Yankee-born French intelligence dept. ace.	Last few chapters, in which wicked Lord H. is finally quenched, are good. The rest are pretty terrible.	Ersatz
MURDER IN WARDOUR STREET *Nigel Morland* (Crime Club: $2.)	Typewriter dropped with deadly effect in London movie district starts Mrs. Rym and her faithful Shott on hunt for triple murderer.	Forthright methods of muscular Scotland Yard-ress produce usual amount of fireworks, slightly dampened by plethora of plot.	Average
INQUEST *Percival Wilde* (Random House: $2.)	Rifle shots extinguish two at Conn. party. Coroner's records supply story, with columnist acting as sleuth—or so he thinks.	Clever as all get out in dialogue and characterizations, but method is confusing and pay-off has its flaws.	Highly diverting
MR. MARLOW STOPS FOR BRANDY *John Bentley* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	Divorcee asks unscrupulous London private enquiry agent to get ex-husband out of murder-jam. Much blood letting.	Rough-and-tumble yarn of English and French low-lifers, with all bars, linguistic and otherwise, way, way down.	Blutwurst

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Suffrage Leader

CHALLENGING YEARS. By Harriot Stanton Blatch and Alma Lutz. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1940. 347 *pp., with index.* $4.

Reviewed by DOROTHY STRAUS

IN a characteristic foreword to these memoirs of Harriot Stanton Blatch, Mary Beard writes "Now in going through the manuscript of her memoir, I discover the woman whom I knew and the woman whom I did not know." Alas! this reviewer lost the lively, intelligent girl and distinguished woman on page 87 and thereafter caught only glimpses of her during the remaining 248 pages of her book.

Though the table of contents lists more, the work is really divided into three parts—a brief but stimulating biography, a long and not very interesting history of the progress of the woman suffrage amendments through the New York State Legislature and Congress, and a series of thumbnail essays on women's relations to economic and world affairs.

Harriot Stanton Blatch was born shortly before the Civil War into a family apparently dominated by strong-minded females, outstanding among whom was her own famous mother, Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Mrs. Stanton was one of the courageous band of 1848 that started the battle for "Women's Rights" and Harriot developed in an atmosphere of "feminist revolt." It is hard to tell whether the strong and effective personality that finally emerged was due to this environment or to native endowment.

From a childhood in which much healthy fun and certain amenities of accepted social position seem to have been mixed with mental discipline and the rigors of idealism, she made a not wholly serene progress to a baccalaureum at Vassar. This was followed by rather extensive travels abroad, to her great profit—and to the reader's. For her pictures of the people she met in Germany and France and her comments on national characteristics are one of the delights of the book.

After that came a period at home spent largely in adding to her mother's and Susan B. Anthony's "History of Women Suffrage" a chapter on "an association which was violently in opposition to the body into which I had been born and bred"—the American Woman Suffrage Association. It is a pity that the spirit of historical accuracy and fairplay which led her to suggest this addition has not survived to prevent in her latest work acrid and ungenerous references to other workers and organizations in the suffrage movement, nor, after lengthy repetition of already recorded events, a condensation into one paragraph of work by others that within two years turned a defeat of the New York Woman Suffrage Amendment by 195,000 votes into a victory by 103,000.

Another trip to England ended in marriage to an Englishman and residence in England for twenty years. This gave her not only an intimate knowledge of her husband's country and of many prominent English people but developed what must have been an inherent interest in "the game of politics." This evolved upon her return to the United States in the early 1900's into the establishment of a new women's organization and the initiation of certain "new methods of propaganda."

It is in the long chapters on "Woman Suffrage and Politics," "Federal Amendment and World War" that the author is at both her dullest and most revealing. There is little interest except for an historian in the long quotations from newspaper editorials or speeches made by legislators well forgotten, even when such quotations are spices with the author's pungent comments on the perpetrators of them. And for most, the detailed recording of political wirepulling, legislative manipulation, and technical procedures will be scarcely balanced by witty snapshots of gentlemen who reigned and ruled nearly a generation ago.

The final chapter touches briefly upon the position of women in the world, their relation to peace, work, and leisure, "protective" legislation, and motherhood endowment.

Fossil Finder

O. C. MARSH—PIONEER IN PALEONTOLOGY. By Charles Schuchert and Clara M. Le Vene. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1940. 541 *pp., with bibliography and index.* $5.

Reviewed by JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY

MOST people who visit the exhibits of vertebrate fossils in a museum of natural history doubtless never heard the name of Othniel Charles Marsh. They probably leave the museum without noticing in how many instances the name of Marsh is paired with the names of the bizarre creatures at which they have been gazing. Through his explorations and studies O. C. Marsh brought back to life many strange inhabitants of prehistoric America, yet Marsh himself has become as dead to the public as any dinosaur ever was.

It is fitting that Professor Schuchert of Yale in his turn should have undertaken to bring back to life the man who did so much to make Yale one of the world's outstanding institutions of paleontological research. With characteristic industry and thoroughness he has exhumed great masses of all but forgotten Marshiana, and has culled the items of greatest interest and importance for those who are following the trails which Marsh first blazed. The last half of this book deals largely with this type of material, and it amply fulfills the author's avowed intention of giving future geologists and other scientists a true picture of one of America's greatest paleontologists.

Marsh's career, however, was far from exclusively concerned with a cloistered devotion to dead bones and technicalities. The winning of the West for science was as exciting an adventure as the winning of the West for commerce, and Marsh was in the thick of it during the last three decades of his life. His story is as thrilling as Buffalo Bill's, and it is thrillingly told in the first half of this book by Miss Le Vene. For the casual reader there are buffaloes and Indians and all the trappings of the old West in a potpourri of exciting events. There is also the tang of Marsh's lifelong race with Professor Cope to be first at the choicer diggings.

For specialist and layman alike there are the amazing discoveries of toothed birds, fossil horses, pterosaurs, mosasaurs, dinosaurs,—star performers in the drama of ancient life—many of them brought to light for the first time by Marsh. Above all there is the dominating personality of Marsh himself—energetic, able, and somewhat pompous, but not without certain other more endearing virtues and vices. In short, this story of a pioneer paleontologist is both well worth telling and well told, a real contribution to American history.

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THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

THE SHIP'S SURGEON'S YARN. By Francis Brett Young. Reynal & Hitchcock. 1940. 335 *pp.* $2.50.

Mr. Young has published more than thirty volumes before this one, some of them with considerable acclaim. This collection of a dozen tales will hardly affect the record of his achievements one way or the other. It seems to be a kind of sketch book, in which he has set down twelve plots that occurred to him as being provocative without, unfortunately, stirring him to do anything with them. They are not short stories in any literary sense—that is, no character or situation is really developed. Mr. Young has contented himself here with mere innocuous statement of certain situations: Should a doctor offer euthanasia to a dying man? Can a drunkard ever forget his thirst? Can a man recapture an old romance? Can an innocent girl keep her man against an experienced one? and so forth. These plots are all too recognizable from the start, and questions and answers are given in straight flat narrative illumined with no character or motivation but only with the dominant feeling that life's a stage, etc. The ship's surgeon who tells six of these tales remarks: "There's something in its setting that makes a ship like a theatre. You can guess what I mean . . . This moving, minute, lighted stage, that ploughs steadily on and on through the wide sea's empty immensity, carrying with it, against that dark backcloth, its own small, isolated company of human souls, each thrown back on its secret passions and dreams and aspirations!" If even this dramatic program had been fulfilled, the tales would have carried more life than they do.

N. L. R.

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE. By Franken Meloney. Farrar & Rinehart. 1940. 282 *pp.* $2.

This is the story of Dr. Margaret Ferris whose appointment as attending surgeon of a great metropolitan hospital seemed assured until she was opposed by the brilliant interne, Dr. Bill Kirkland. Dr. Bill admired her skill but judged women emotionally unsuited for the demands of surgery. We see Dr. Margaret first through the eyes of a nurse. "You couldn't have told she was a doctor—she might have been a society girl, or just a girl, or even a wife." We are not told whether Dr. Kirkland looked like a doctor or a society man, but like all doctors in fiction, he had that irresistible charm for women. When he frankly admits his opposition, and she her resentment, love is born. But at this time Dr. Ferris is more concerned with the announcement that the coveted place she knew herself ably fitted for has been given to an incompetent man. When one of her child patients dies as the result of this incompetence she denounces him roundly for a murderer. This breach of medical ethics necessitates her resignation from the staff and she faces the collapse of her life's ambition. Her growing love for Dr. Kirkland further complicates the situation. He wishes to marry her, but only if she will renounce her profession. After a struggle, love wins out and she is about ready to pay the price when she is saved by a melodramatic happening in the operating-room. In the course of a difficult operation at which she is assisting, the head surgeon collapses and dies. Whereupon Dr. Margaret proves her mettle and her skill by taking command and completing the operation in so brilliant a manner that she is not only restored to hospital favor, but converts Dr. Bill to the reality of her genius. A marriage in which each will follow the professional path no longer seems too difficult, and although the reader may have a few private misgivings, the united doctors are left confidently facing a delightful future.

"When Doctors Disagree" appeared serially in a woman's magazine under the title "Women in White." It is primarily a woman's novel and it will interest the large number who are still excited by the drama of hospitals and operations.

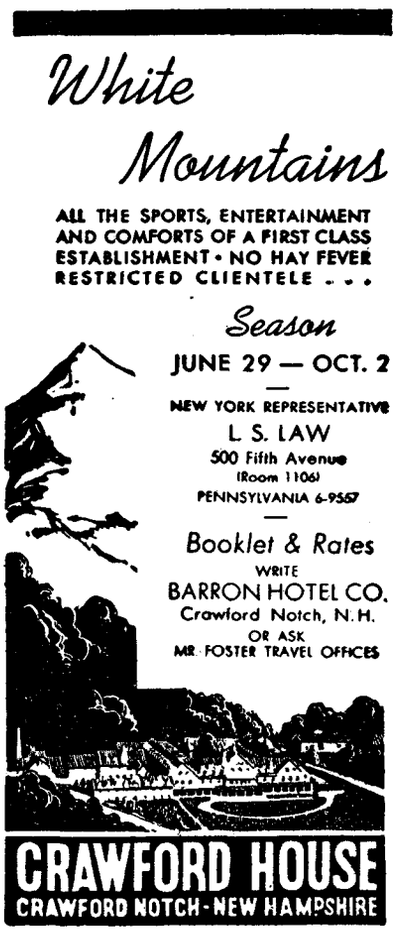
M. S. U.

THE UNQUIET FIELD. By Beatrice Kean Seymour. Macmillan. 1940. 506 *pp.* $2.50.

Two tremendous themes haunt this novel—slavery and the American War of Independence; two dim precipices, over which the story of the Sherrard family falls in a cool trickle, subsiding at last, with a faint but tragic hiss, into the Age of Steam.

In the early eighteenth century the Sherrards, shipowners of Liverpool, are engaged in the slave-trade—a source of disagreement between Benjamin Sherrard and his cousin Bartley. Bartley's son, Richard, inherits his father's love of freedom, espouses the cause of the American colonies, and therefore finds himself unable to marry the beautiful American loyalist, Philadelphia Delaney, who becomes the wife of Benjamin's son, Robert. Richard then marries Benjamin's daughter, Jane; and *their* son Roger marries the granddaughter of Lavinia, another hater of the slave-trade, who should have married Bartley in the first place, but didn't. It's all very complicated, and it all has something to do with Freedom; though precisely what, it would be hard to say.

For the truth is that the thunders of history sound but faintly in this book. They are muffled in the enormous intricacy of Sherrard family affairs. "The Unquiet Field," in fact, is a pleasantly contrived piece of gossip about a number of people with whom we have the misfortune only to be acquainted at second hand. It is therefore hard to become even mildly involved in their fortunes. The best one can say is that they fall in love (sometimes passionately, sometimes not, and generally with other Sherrards), marry, beget children, grow old, and die; and that, this process being repeated



LITERARY QUIZ ANSWERS

1. *Moti Guj,* by Rudyard Kipling.
2. Tapiola, in *The Journey of Tapiola,* by Robert Nathan.
3. archy, in *archy and mehitabel,* by Don Marquis.
4. Dan'l Webster, in *The Celebrated Jumping Frog,* by Mark Twain.
5. Wolf, in *Rip Van Winkle,* by Washington Irving.
6. Dapple, in *Don Quixote,* by Cervantes.
7. Gamin, in *Gentle Julia,* by Booth Tarkington.
8. The Cheshire Cat, in *Alice in Wonderland,* by Lewis Carroll.
9. Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, in *King Lear,* by Shakespeare.
10. Comet, in *A Visit from St. Nicholas,* by Clement C. Moore.

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through three generations, the result is a not unreadable novel containing 506 pages of close print.

G. D.

History

A NEW ENGLAND SAMPLER. By Eleanor Early. Waverly House. 1940. 372 *pp.* $2.50.

The move to make history more readable and less stuffy is certainly a good one. "A New England Sampler," however, goes a little too far in that direction. Some excellent material is concealed behind a too-slangy style and a constant roguishness ends by interrupting the narrative. The author says, "I would not hurt a Colonial Dame for apples, nor even a D.A.R." As one who is neither, this reviewer could still do without excerpts like "And they all had slaves and beat the hell out of them," or "As a hater, Mr. Wilson was practically tops." Miss Early can say sissy and sourpuss all she likes, but her style may just occasionally give the reader a pain in the neck.

In spite of this defect, Eleanor Early is a good reporter and she knows New England. She has given an amusing account of such varied New Englanders as Anne Hutchinson, John L. Sullivan, Lydia Pinkham, and Calvin Coolidge. In her preface she says her "Sampler" is going to be like a patchwork quilt and so it is. Odds and ends about old towns, bits on ships and whaling, scraps of unusual historical information, thumbnail sketches of various vivid personalities, are all mixed together in a lively crazy-quilt pattern. For early horrors, there is an account of the Salem witch trials and for a later bit in the same mood, a piece about Lizzie Borden and her ax. On the practical side, there is a fine recipe for old-fashioned rose potpourri that every reader will want to try, and a whole chapter on cooking, called characteristically "Good Drink-Good Meat-Good God Let's Eat!" Here we are told how to make real clam chowder, Boston baked beans, fish cakes, Indian pudding, and other New England delicacies.

This is an amusing book, full of odd bits of information, marred only by its artfully artless style. When, as in the Coolidge chapter and some others, the author drops that, she can write very effectively.

R. C. B.

Science

EXTRA SENSORY PERCEPTION AFTER SIXTY YEARS. By Rhine, Smith, Stuart, Smith, Greenwood. Holt. 1940. 463 *pp., with index.* $2.75.

This book is not, as its title implies, a balanced account of the status of mental telepathy and clairvoyance today. For the most part Professor Rhine and his colleagues are concerned with summarizing and evaluating the criticisms which have been levelled against the Duke University experiments. In spite of much obviously earnest effort, the case for extra sensory perception is by no means clinched. In general, one may question the value of any review of early work at this time. If extra sensory perception is as readily available for study as the authors contend, then little is to be gained from quibbling over experiments performed several years ago under conditions which have not satisfied many qualified observers. The requirements of a crucial series of experiments (with respect to design, control, manner of recording, and method of analysis) are now fairly well agreed upon. Further work, which is apparently in progress, will be more to the point than historical research on the validity of part manifestations. The authors only weaken their case by making so much of the early evidence.

B. F. S.

Travel

WHITE WATER AND BLACK MAGIC. By Richard C. Gill. Holt. 1940. 369 *pp., with index.* $3.

Maps are deceptive instruments. Look up Equador in the nearest atlas. A pink-toned segment-of-pie-shaped country, probably looking about the size of Connecticut in the scale that has been used, with nothing to indicate altitude, of the fact that over near the point of the pie one is in a country that can only be reached by animal transport, where the institutions are pre-feudal and the language that of the ancient Incas. Richard Gill and his wife, "the Ninita," built themselves a ranch there, on which they raised coffee, castor beans, and corn —also, and eventually curare, with the help of jungle witch-men, patiently wooed. It was as well he went in for the last crop. It saved his life later, when—but that is a story he better tell for himself.

It is also an incident. The story he does tell is about the ranch and the hunting. It is not "Swiss Family Robinson;" the ranch is built, the coffee trees growing, and the radio bringing in Bing Crosby when the book begins. The interest is in the going concern—what life in the jungle is like for those who live it. (It is, by the way, a curiously formalized existence, where there is only one right way of doing anything, whether making a blowgun or greeting a visitor. The numerous wrong ways all come to the same thing—death.) Mr. Gill is primarily, but not obnoxiously a botanist, and was concerned during his stay in the jungle, with what made the remarkable cures of the medicine-men work that way. He hobnobbed with them patiently to find out; and while he tells simply enough what he discovered in a scientific sense, the thing he is most interested in telling the reader is the story of the jungle people. The result is one of the best "travel books" in some time, though there is very little travel in it.

F. P.

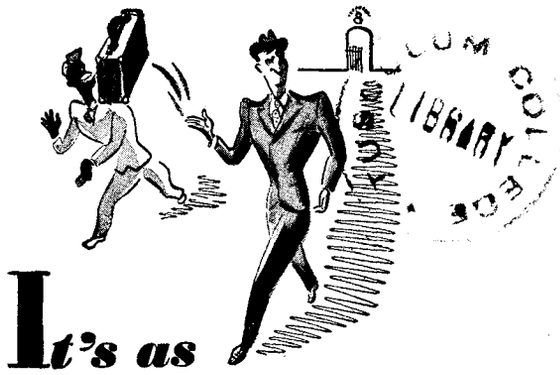
SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 329)

ANNE BRADSTREET

MEDITATIONS

Authority without wisdom is like a heavy axe without an edge, fitter to bruise than polish.

Yellow leaves argue want of sap, and gray hairs want of moisture; so dry and sapless performances are symptoms of little spiritual vigor.



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TRADE WINDS

P. E. G. QUERCUS

Summer Over England

The headlines mutter blackly as new
war-clouds darken over
(But all the while the bumblebees are
lurching through the clover.)

The gas-mask drill goes dread and
chill in prescience of doom
(While past the hedge the flower-heads
are shaking out their bloom.)

And haggard men must march again,
and guns be set for planes
Beneath the sanity of sun, the reason-
able rains.

—DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON.

ONE advantage of this modest slice of printers' pie is that it gives Old Pensive a chance to mumble some of his gradual notions almost unobserved. ☞He has been thinking for many months to write a fable about a man who Made Friends with Himself. ☞But how about a Nation That Made Friends with Itself? ☞Old Q. was pleased to see in the *N. Y. Times* (July 11) Arthur Krock's piece about the "Quarter-Sphere" idea of U.S. influence—*viz.*, that the United States should plainly and publicly delimit its region of political concern to the Americas from the Isthmus northward. ☞And quit talking about "hemisphere defense," which is dangerous hooey. ☞Mr. Krock has a good gift of often being early to state what many people are mulling in private. We hope his frankness about the quarter-sphere doctrine will receive wide discussion.

★ ★

☞Oxford University Press announces (date not fixed yet) a volume of *Hitler's Speeches*, edited by Norman Baynes. It is a selection of "portentous" utterings with repetitions and huzzas omitted; as the publisher gently remarks, "in the original, the orator's meaning is buried beneath the exuberance of his own verbosity." ☞Another Oxford book, about a less known but more endearing figure, is *Coleridge Fille* by E. L. Griggs, the first adequate study of S. T. C.'s remarkable daughter. The Coleridge family remains probably the most interesting as such in the history of English literature. ☞Old Q. was pleased when the reference librarian of Presbyterian Theological Seminary in Chicago wrote praising our coinage *protuitive*. ☞The telephone company remarks that long-distance calls in first 6 months of 1940 are 6½% ahead of same period last year. Perhaps people are telephoning instead of reading, as the book business is way down. ☞As a literary editor remarked to us the other day, "Most of our circulation is in the Styx."

★ ★

☞The most amusing portrait we have seen lately showed Marie Corelli in her gondola *The Dream* on the River Avon. She is leaning back on a swatch of crimson velvet and being paddled by a handsome boy. This we discovered in *Marie Corelli, The Life and Death of a Best Seller* (Constable, London) at the Gotham Book Mart. We can still remember admiring the window boxes on Miss Corelli's house at Stratford when we bicycled there in 1911. ☞Books we have seen people reading: on the L. I. train, *The Ramparts We Watch;* in the subway, *Walk Like a Mortal;* ourself, for relaxation, tried Buchan's *The 39 Steps* in the new Wallaby edition; found it nicely written but undernourished in conviction. We still wonder what some readers will think Buchan's characters are wearing when they put on their "acquascutums." ☞But how nice it is to see again the big readable type of George Doran's old plates.

★ ★

☞We had been wishing for a long time that someone would do something to help Mason Wade's biography of Margaret Fuller, and to our great pleasure Mr. Willkie chose it for vacation reading and got it into all the papers. ☞A book we have long hankered for is that novel about the U.S. Navy, *Delilah* (the heroine is a U.S. destroyer on Philippine duty), which has been under rewrite for a couple of years. The last news Farrar & Rinehart had from the author was an enigmatic note from Mexico: "I shall notify you as soon as I arrive some place." ☞A friendly parson in Connecticut says we should not have reported *The Jefferson Bible* as "an unusual discovery." It was published in 1923 by Boni & Liveright, edited by Henry E. Jackson. ☞Among unusual MSS. sold last week for Red Cross benefit at Christie's famous auction house in London, was the script of *Allan Quartermain* by Rider Haggard. ☞An unusual study of folk art is announced by W. W. Norton, *American Figureheads and Their Carvers*, by Pauline Pinckney. This refers to ship's figureheads, not political shirtstuffing. ☞The London *New Statesman* ingeniously describes Thomas Mann as "the Charles Morgan of Germany." ☞We wait patiently for the book that will start a new Trend in titles. The inverted rhythm of *Black Was My Truelove's Hair, Green Was My Valley, Quietly My Captain Waits, Bright Was Their Destiny* have become a ribaldry among long-suffering booksellers. ☞Burges Johnson reports that the College English Association got 70 new members last month, and is mewing its mighty youth against a big autumn. ☞Dave Randall of Scribner's says Sherlock Holmes's bees will take care of any parachute troops that land on the Sussex Downs.

★ ★

☞In re our inquiry as to Rev. T. H. Stockton, we receive the following interesting information from Arthur Pforzheimer, 26 East 56, N. Y. C.:—

> The Rev. T. H. Stockton was an elder half-brother of Frank R. It is well known that the famous author, Frank R. Stockton—happily not forgotten—began life as an engraver.
>
> Among the few things executed by him were the illustrations for his brother's book of poems. Besides being Chaplain to Congress, the Rev. T. H. is remembered as the man who delivered the prayer at Gettysburg at the time Lincoln spoke there.
>
> The original wood block that Frank Stockton engraved as his business card is still in existence and I have one of a limited number of copies printed from it a few years ago.

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(Continued from page 2)

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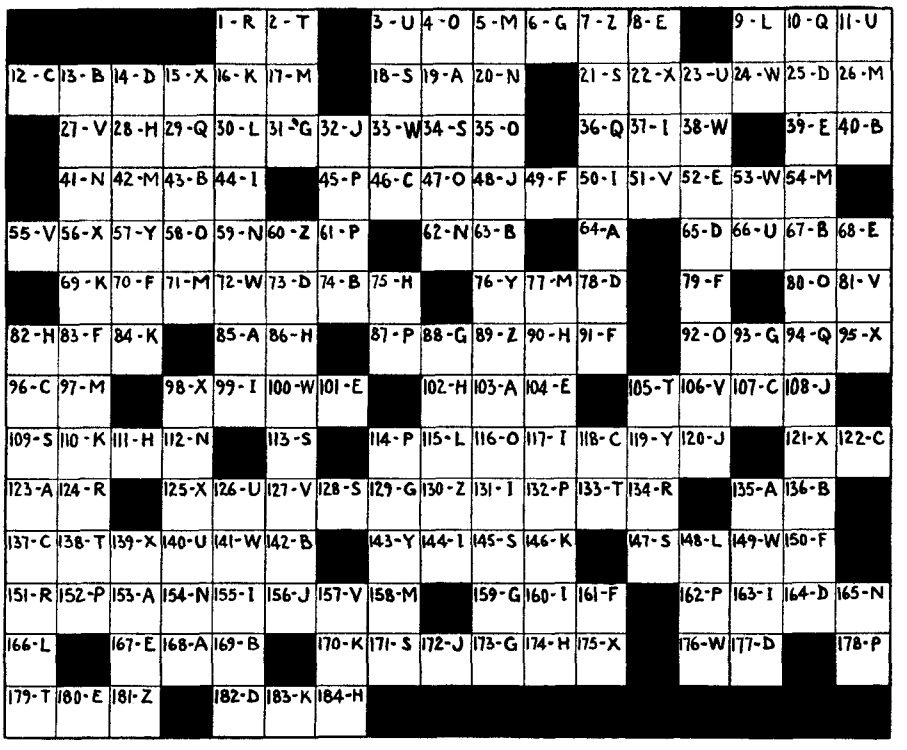
Double-Crostics: No. 330

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 21 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Saxicola rubetra (a bird).

B. Addicted to old-fashioned ways (comp.)

C. Laments (vb.)

D. Thick gruel.

E. Genus of fossil rhinoceroses.

F. Synagogue doxology after prayers.

G. Argument by induction (logic).

H. Gambler

I. Everywhere (3 wds.)

J. Two books of the Apocrypha by Ezra.

K. Sycophancy.

L. Resting place (fowls).

M. English physicist-astronomer (1882—).

N. Pertaining to a wood or grove.

O. Pressed English cheese of pleasing acid flavor.

P. Laced boots ankle-high (comp.)

Q. Capital of Latvia.

R. Minced oath.

S. Change of front (French) (comp.)

T. Fragrant.

U. Contracts for renting or ownership.

V. Toward a higher or greater degree.

W. July-August (Fr. Revolution calendar).

X. Exasperated, provoked.

Y. Makes a choice (citizenship).

Z. Trimly neat and tidy (colloq.)

WORDS

153 103 85 168 123 19 64 135

67 40 142 63 13 136 74 43 169

137 118 12 46 122 107 96

78 25 164 65 73 182 14 177

167 52 8 104 180 101 68 39

150 79 161 91 70 83 49

88 31 159 6 93 173 129

102 28 82 111 184 86 75 174 90

144 50 44 99 163 160 131 117 37 155

32 48 108 172 156 120

170 183 69 16 84 110 146

166 115 148 30 9

97 54 158 77 5 17 71 42 26

154 20 112 165 59 62 41

80 92 4 116 35 58 47

87 132 114 178 162 152 45 61

10 29 36 94

124 134 1 151

21 171 147 18 34 109 113 128 145

179 105 138 133 2

3 11 66 23 126 140

81 51 27 106 157 55 127

141 72 53 33 176 24 38 149 100

22 121 95 15 98 139 175 56 125

76 57 143 119

130 89 60 7 181

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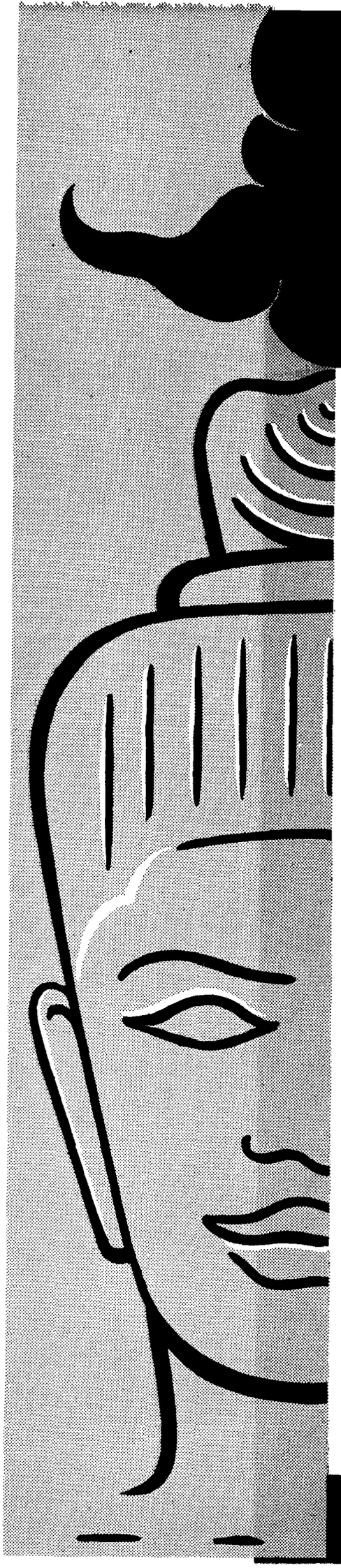

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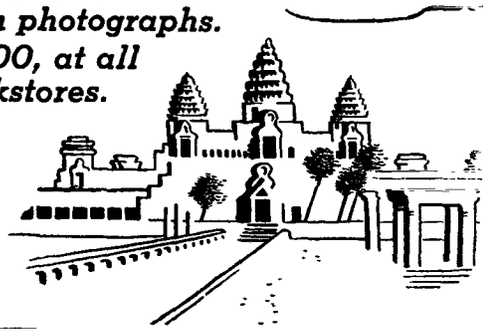

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